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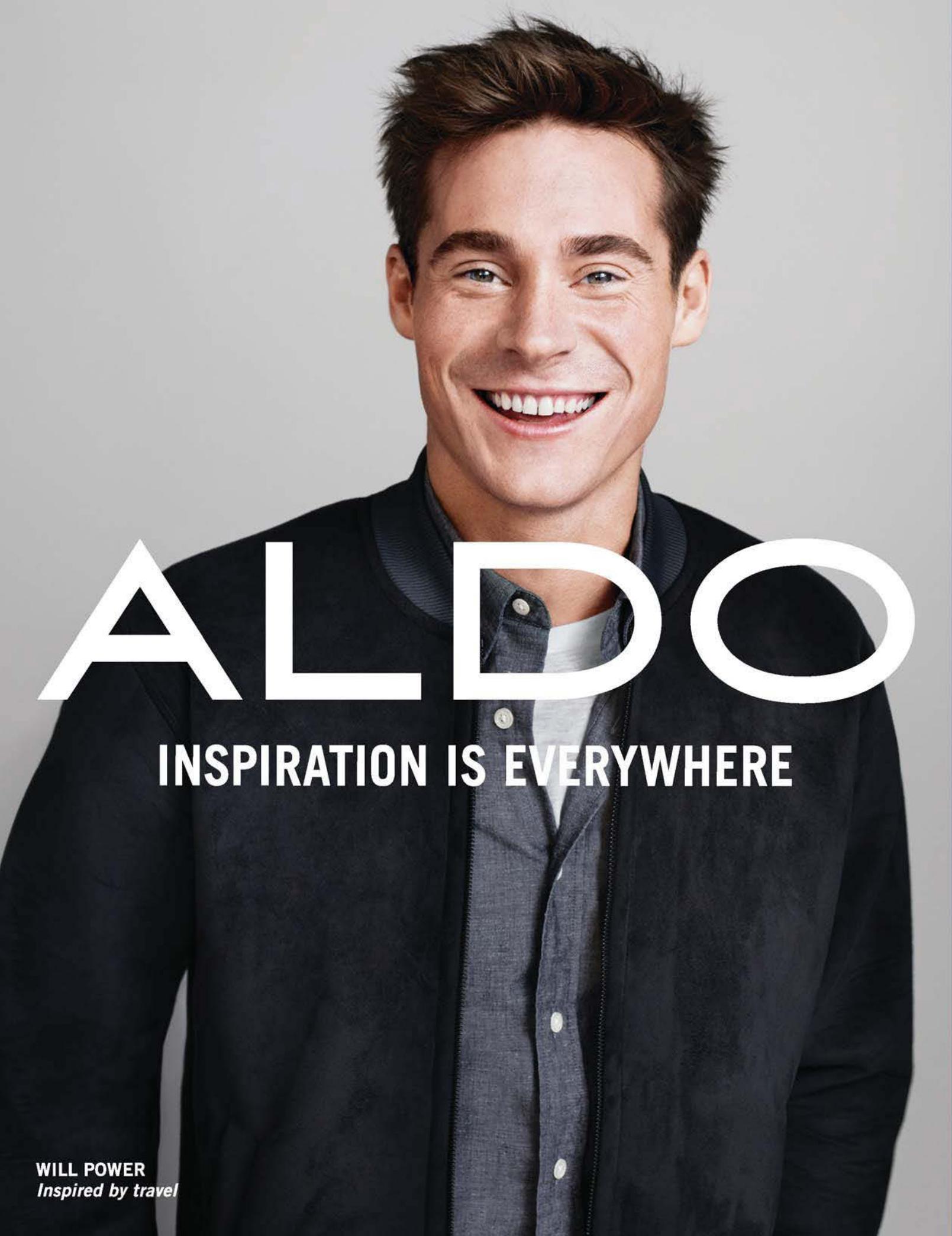
ADRIAN GRENIER & BARBARA PALVIN in

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A close-up portrait of a young man with short brown hair, smiling broadly. He is wearing a dark, zip-up jacket over a light-colored button-down shirt.

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124

On the Cover
*photographed by Robbie Fimmano
 styled by Wayne Gross
 Groomer, Naiyana Garth at Carol Hayes Management using Clinique; hair, Paul Job aka Da-Stylist*



136

Features

100 IDRIS ELBA

The unstoppable star of *Beasts of No Nation* is proving he's a force to be reckoned with, both on and off the screen.

116 BIG POT

Can corporate America strip marijuana of its counterculture roots?

124 NATASHA LIU BORDIZZO

Meet the ass-kicking starlet of *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon: The Green Legend*.

130 OK CUPID?

Making sense of all-American a-hole Tucker Max's dubious quest for redemption.

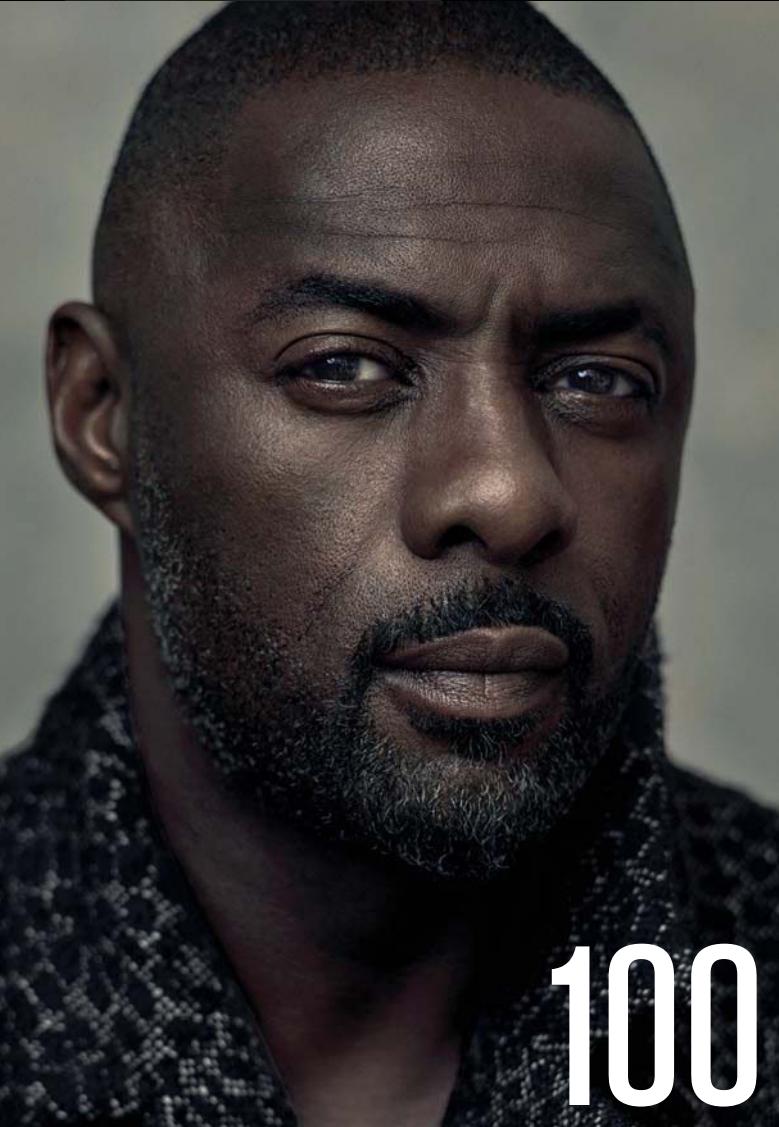
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106

**Style**

46 AIR POWER A definitive breakdown of three decades of Nike's unbeatable Air Jordan.

52 CAN STYLE BE FUNNY? How San Francisco-based apparel company Betabrand is using absurdist humor to shake up the fashion industry.

56 PAJAMA PARTY A beautiful woman dons her favorite men's pj's for a sexy sleepover, shot on the LG G4.

65 SMOOTH RIDE Maserati's collaboration with Italian fashion powerhouse Ermenegildo Zegna is its silkiest automotive creation yet.

85 SINGULAR STYLE Shopping smart begins with eliminating the guesswork.

94 BAGGAGE CLAIM Join the jet set with the season's slickest totes.

106 THE OUTSIDER How to rock fall's hottest hues.

A1 ENTER SANDMAN

Conquer the cold in standout coats.

B1 LOOSEN UP

Traditional tweeds and plaids get a stylish reboot.

C1 EAZY DOES IT

Rising Bay Area rapper G-Eazy works all the style angles.



DSQUARED2

NEW YORK LOS ANGELES BAL HARBOUR SHOPS



Misc.

36 ESSAY "Pretty boy" rapper A\$AP Rocky on what it means to be legit. **38 KNOT COOL** Instagram guru the Fat Jew takes aim at the topknot. **40 THINK PINK** Marcelo Burlon on why rosé Champagne is the ultimate party fuel. **42 FREESTYLE**

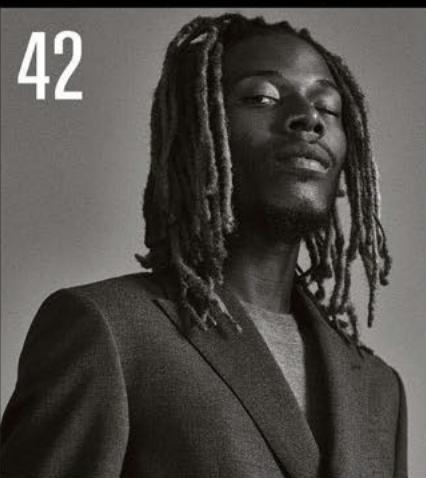
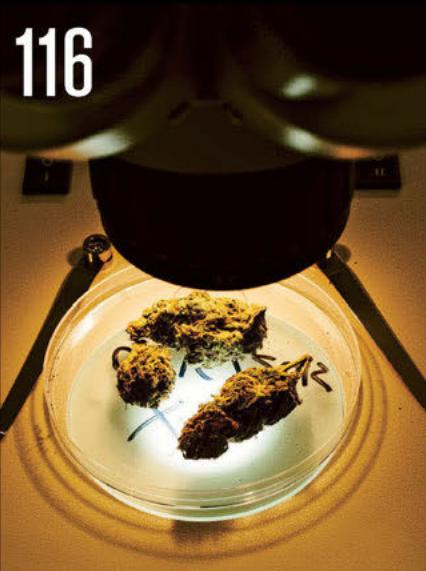
WAP On the heels of his wildly successful debut single, Fetty Wap is determined to make a lasting impression. **48 GET**

RIPPED Iconic designer and fitness fanatic Rick Owens unloads some hard-eared workout wisdom. **58 BACK**

TO THE FUTURE LeSean McCoy's transfer to Buffalo may be a setback, or a shot at redemption. **62 DARK VICTORY** Limited-edition rides that strike the perfect balance between form and function. **68 HAIR METAL** Handcrafted grooming tools are a cut above the rest.

70 THE HOT LIST Our definitive guide to the hottest art, culture, entertainment, and nightlife this month has to offer. **82 SEX** From oral remedies to threesomes, we tackle your most pressing erotic conundrums. **146 ASK 100**

WOMEN There is nothing sexier than a guy who wears...

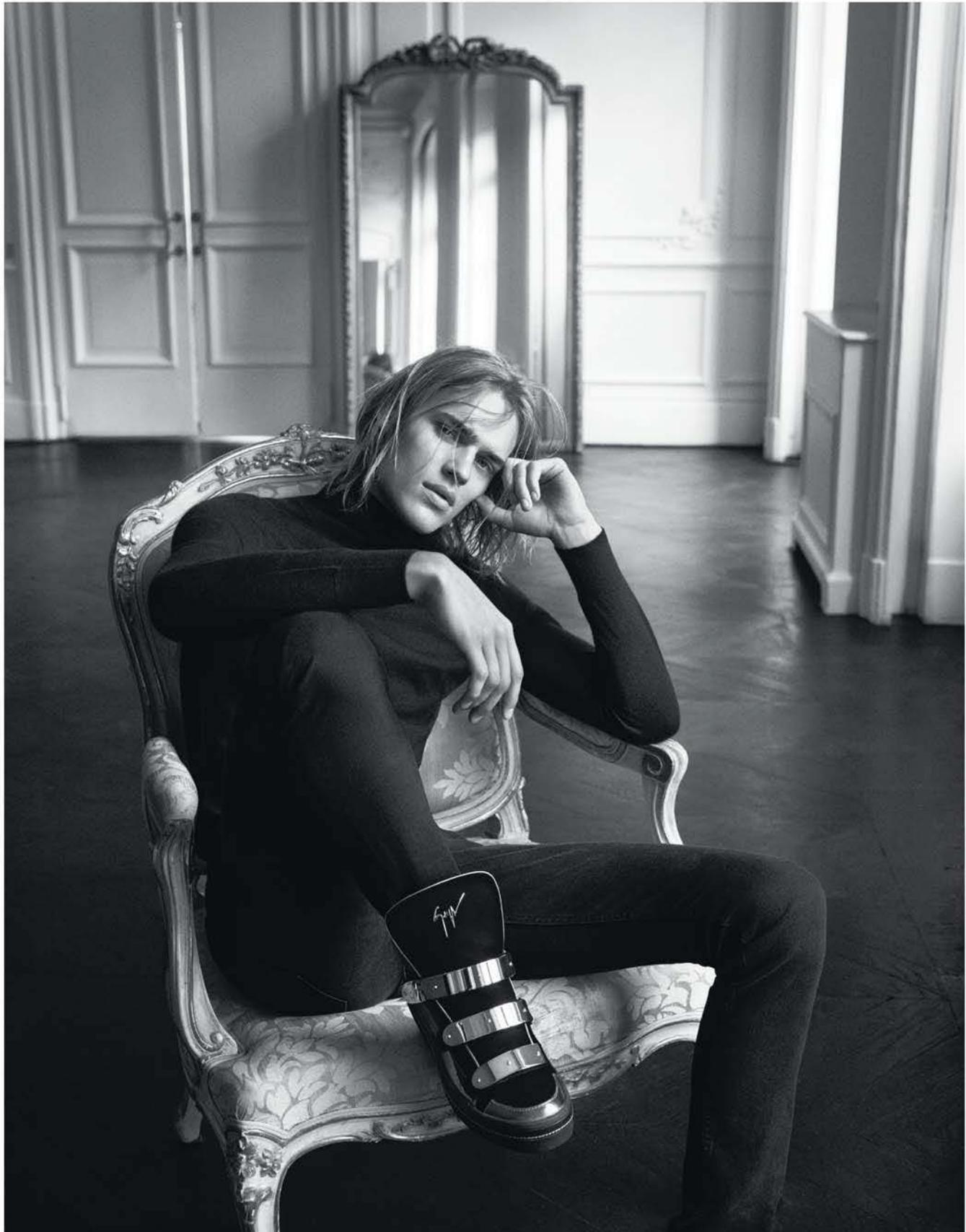


Informer

136 CUSTOM TAILORING
An everything-you-need-to-know guide to custom-made shirts and suits.

Giorgio Zanotti

GIUSEPPE HOMME
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The Legit Issue

W

HAT IS IT TO BE LEGITIMATE? To be legit means you've arrived. You're established. You represent. You're the real deal. The face you show the world—through your style choices, your behavior, your attitude—matches what you are at your core.

It's a state of being that's perfectly exemplified by this month's cover subject, Idris Elba (PAGE 100). An extraordinary actor, best known for his indelible portrayal of *The Wire*'s Stringer Bell, he is also a style icon whose appearance is never less than impeccable. But what makes him legit is the way he lives his life and the no-prisoners gusto with which he has barreled into a host of endeavors. In addition to acting (his upcoming film, the searing war drama *Beasts of No Nation*, is already generating Oscar buzz), he has managed to launch a menswear line, Superdry, become a world-class DJ, and break a land-speed record set nearly a century ago. It's no wonder the rumors of him being the next Bond just won't quit. He's already assumed the role.

"Being legit is like wearing a stamp of approval," A\$AP Rocky notes in this month's essay (PAGE 36). And your style choices, as he also points out, are a signal to the world of your interior state of being.

Style is not about conforming to every trend, or stressing over what is and isn't "appropriate." It's about establishing your signature look and owning it, in any situation, regardless of the dress code. (Think Johnny Cash ever worried about being the only person in the room wearing all black? Rocky's the same way about his love of avant-garde mash-ups.)

Let's face it, a guy simply can't afford not to be informed about fashion in 2015. That's why we've devoted this issue to the designers, icons, and visionaries who are pushing the limits of what it can achieve.

For instance, a well-fitted blazer—a hallmark of legitimacy—can signal that you are a man of ambition, refinement, strength, and intellect, which is why, as Maureen Callahan writes (PAGE 83), women love the look so much. Of course, the benefits of style go well beyond the

dating game. It gives you an edge on the competition, and commands respect in ways words cannot.

Not to mention that when you take the time and effort to look the part, you'll actually have more confidence, as the legendary writer and sartorial icon Gay Talese points out (PAGE 136). A refined appearance begins with figuring out what fits, which is why a tailor-made suit is one of the best investments a man can make. This month's Informer, a comprehensive guide to the world of bespoke clothing, aims to make the process easy. Of course, sometimes you want to keep things grounded. Hence, our sneaker-head's tribute to one of the most iconic shoes ever made: Nike's Air Jordan (PAGE 46).

On the business front, we head to Washington state, where a company is on a mission to make weed a legitimate business, one with the potential to be bigger than McDonald's or Starbucks (PAGE 116). Also looking to go legit is the controversial Tucker Max, whose 2006 best-selling book *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell* brought him a reputation he's now desperately trying to shake (PAGE 130). Jersey-based rapper Fetty Wap explains his iconoclastic approach to fashion and how "Trap Queen" changed his life (PAGE 42). And pioneering fashion designer John Varvatos shows us how to party like a local in Detroit (PAGE 80).

Meanwhile, we hit the runway with Betabrand CEO Chris Lindland, whose revolutionary business model and irreverent line of men's apparel are turning the industry on its head (PAGE 52). Instagram funnyman the Fat Jew dishes out some brutally honest grooming advice (PAGE 38), and fashion legend Rick Owens offers up an equally forthright lesson in fitness (PAGE 48). We also catch up with running back LeSean McCoy in Buffalo as he plows into the next phase of his career determined to prove that great athletes still matter (PAGE 58), and then take to the streets of Italy in Maserati and Ermanno Scervino's latest creation, the gorgeous Ghibli S Q4, which, like McCoy, boasts an unstoppable

combination of grit and finesse (PAGE 65).

Being legit is all about not being afraid to show the world who you really are. Elba, A\$AP, McCoy, Owens, the Fat Jew: All embody that ethos. We hope this issue inspires you to do the same.



Editor in Chief
KATE LANPHEAR



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The King of Bling

An engraved money clip that once belonged to Elvis Aaron Presley.



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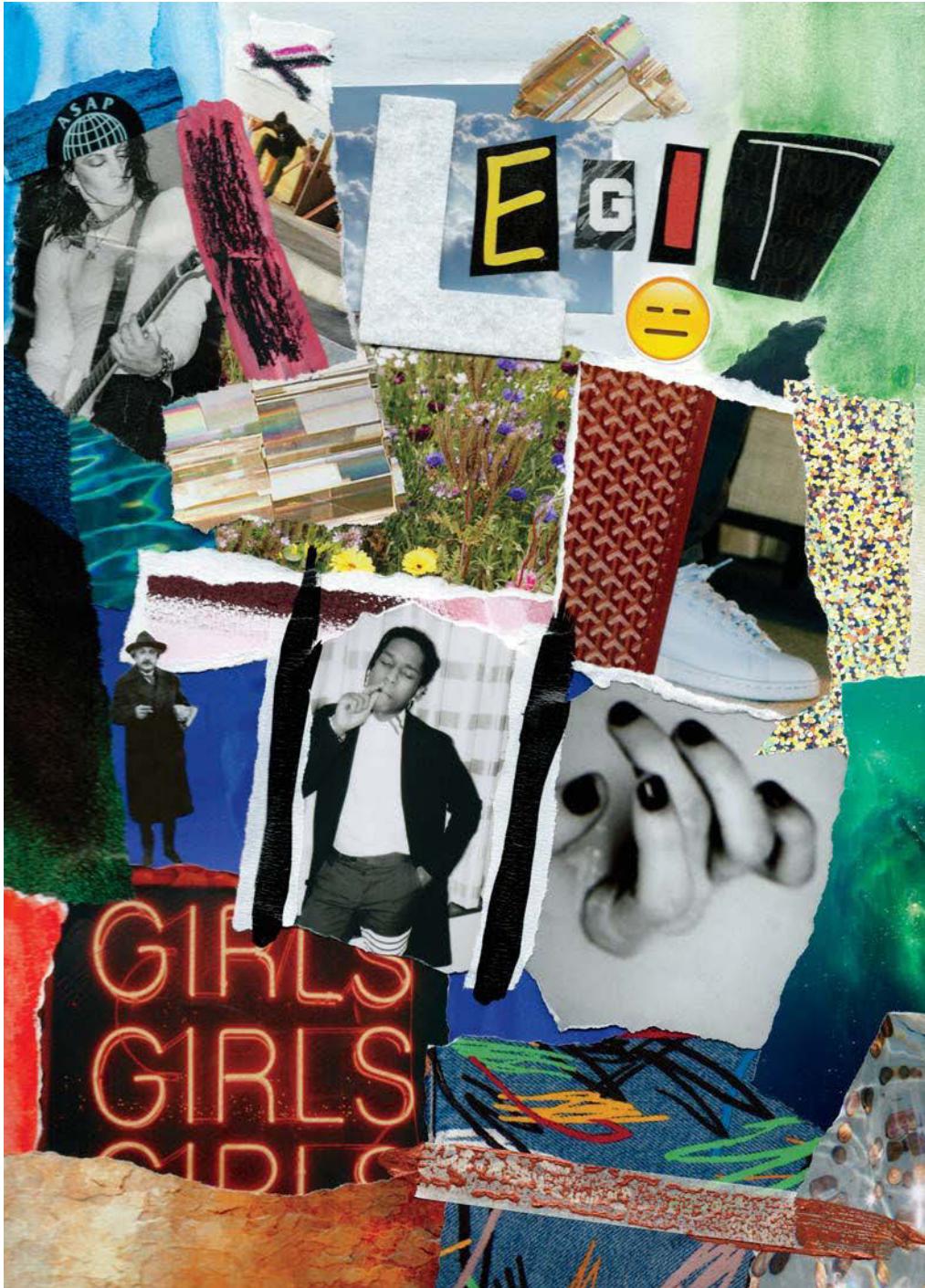
BEING LEGIT IS LIKE WEARING A STAMP OF APPROVAL. It's validation. Music, fashion, design, videography, I love all of it. I'm a man of the arts. I just love

right away, but give it a year or two. They will. **I ADOPTED HIGH-END FASHION.** Raf Simons. Dior. Rick Owens. Alexander Wang. Even my boy Jeremy Scott. I introduced them in the hood. **PHARRELL DID THAT FOR ME** when I was growing up. So did Kanye and Mos Def. I respected their fashion sense. Now I want to carry on that legacy. Some

creating and curating. I'VE ALWAYS HAD A DESIRE to look precise. On my fourth birthday, my father bought me a Gucci gold ring chain. I wore it at my birthday party. I was stunning—and stunting. I remember

that shit.

—A\$AP ROCKY



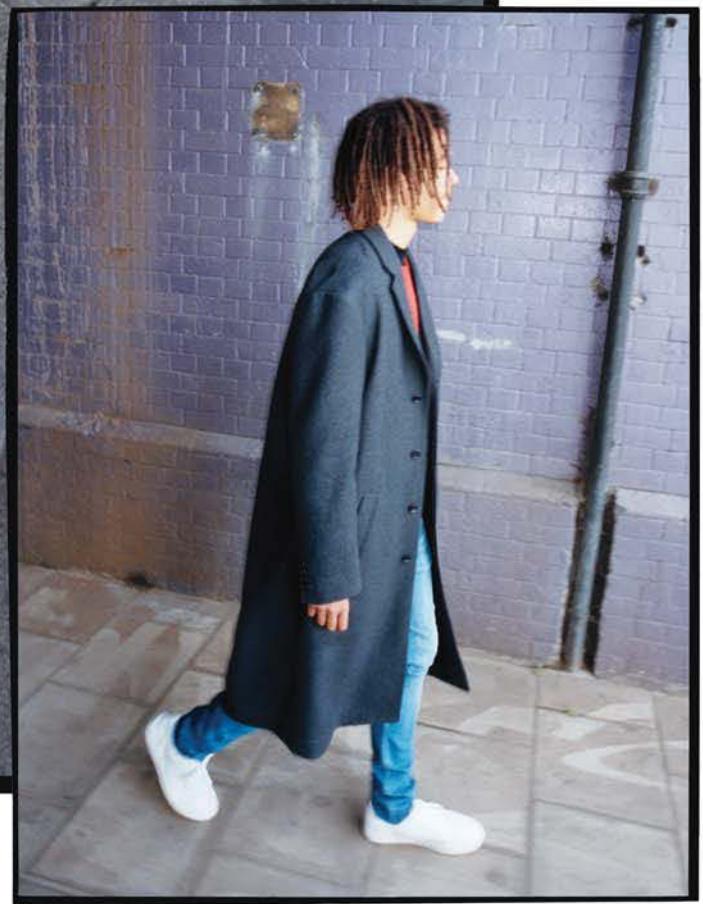
SOME PEOPLE WANT TO FIT IN, some wanna stand out. Me, I just happen to stand out. But I take on the responsibility to influence people to think outside the box. **SOME PEOPLE DON'T CATCH ON**

You gotta walk that out. We all know at the end of the day, it's the person that counts. But there's no way in hell that you can see somebody with an amazing fashion sense and not admire that shit.

People don't get it. People complained about me wearing an Ann Dememeester shirt. I didn't give a shit. That's the heat you gotta take.

shopping at Prada when I was 14 or 15. I was only able to afford a pair of shoes, white patent leather with a beige strip at the top. That shit was killer.

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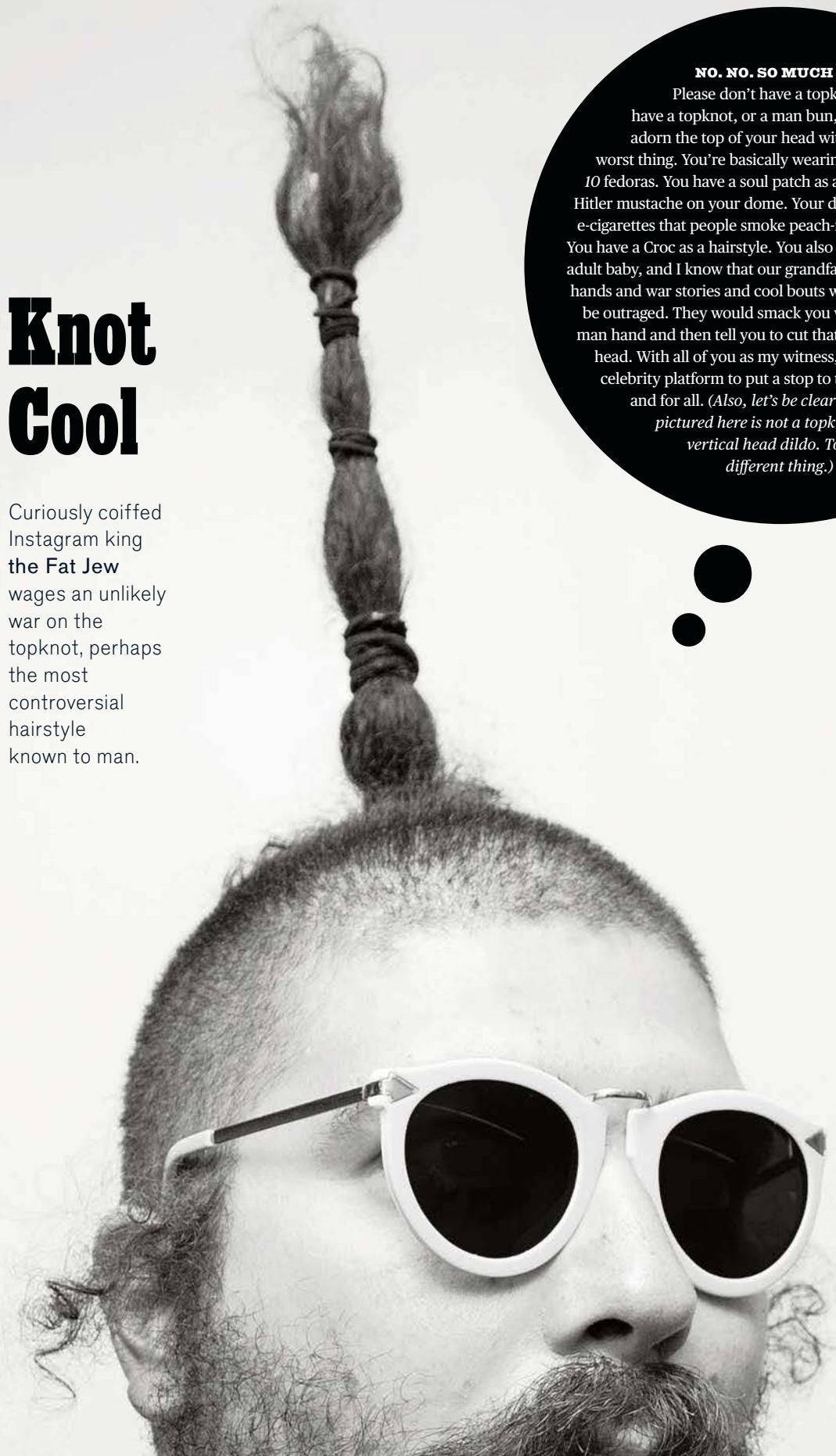
Knot Cool

Curiously coiffed Instagram king the Fat Jew wages an unlikely war on the topknot, perhaps the most controversial hairstyle known to man.

NO. NO. SO MUCH NO.

Please don't have a topknot. To have a topknot, or a man bun, is to proudly adorn the top of your head with the world's worst thing. You're basically wearing two fedoras. No, *10* fedoras. You have a soul patch as a haircut. You have a Hitler mustache on your dome. Your do is one of those giant e-cigarettes that people smoke peach-flavored vapor out of. You have a Croc as a hairstyle. You also look like an overgrown adult baby, and I know that our grandfathers, with their rough hands and war stories and cool bouts with alcoholism, would be outraged. They would smack you with a rough, grown-man hand and then tell you to cut that stupid thing off your head. With all of you as my witness, I will use my Z-list celebrity platform to put a stop to the man bun once and for all. (*Also, let's be clear: My hairstyle pictured here is not a topknot; it is a vertical head dildo. Totally different thing.*)

The Fat Jew, a.k.a. @thefatjewish to his nearly five million Instagram followers, releases his debut book, Money Pizza Respect, next month.





Introducing our sleek new size.
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treadmills, your lifestyle.

Think Pink

County of Milan creative director **Marcelo Burlon's** buzzy, animal-themed tees are coveted by LeBron James, Drake, and Meek Mill. So it's no surprise that he favors that most baller of bubbly, rosé Champagne. Here's why you should make like a fashion insider and treat her to a bottle.



ROSÉ CHAMPAGNE IS the only thing I drink. After a glass or two, I feel sexy, decadent, and wild. I just feel more alive. I used to work in fashion PR and threw parties for all the big designers. One night in 2006, I was organizing an after-party in Milan for Versace. I was supposed to be at the door, taking care of the guests. But Prince was performing inside. So I left the door and had a few glasses of Champagne, and I just went crazy. I started dancing, and I didn't give a fuck about anyone or anything. There were a lot of models dancing with me, too: Natasha Poly, Joan Smalls, Karen Elson. Prince was onstage writhing with a pair of twin girls—his backup singers. They were super hot, with beautiful voices and big hair waving all around. That was the masterpiece of the night: being gloriously drunk and experiencing that mesmerizing moment. Champagne isn't just something that's celebratory and fun. It makes you feel more present, more confident, maybe even a little more dangerous. That's why I put a tiger on the labels I designed. Because that pink Champagne inside can turn you into an animal.

Marcelo Burlon's Tiger Bottle Collection for Moët Nectar Impérial Rosé is available now.

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Freestyle Wap

New Jersey hip-hop star Fetty Wap's debut single, "Trap Queen," has become one of the year's biggest hits.

Can he keep the momentum going?

by KATHY IANDOLI



This page:

Coat and suit, Bally. Shirt, Calvin Klein Collection. Shoes, Marc Jacobs.

Next page:

Jacket, shirt, and tie, Dior Homme.



NICE THREADS

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It's the warmth of beautifully stitched genuine leather that fits the hand naturally. It's a 5.5" IPS Quantum QuadHD display and 16 MP camera with an f/1.8 lens underneath it. It's a smartphone that performs as beautifully as it looks. It's the all-new G4 from LG.

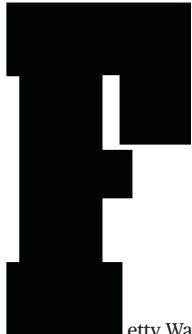
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LG



Fetty Wap may look great in a suit, but he hates wearing one. When he was 17, his mother told him about a high-paying job. The interview required a corporate appearance. He shaved off two years' worth of dreadlocks, put on a suit, and showed up for the meeting, only to find that the position had already been filled. A sartorial trauma was born. "Suits aren't my type of style yet," the 25-year-old admits. "I'm still not ready for all that."

These days, he can wear whatever he wants. "Trap Queen," the debut single by the Paterson, New Jersey, rapper (born Willie Maxwell II), recently went platinum. Though widely understood as an unconventional love song about dealing drugs with your significant other, that's not quite it. "The song doesn't have anything to do with love, really," Fetty explains. "Trap Queen" is actually a semiautobiographical track about a girl he met who wanted in on his already booming drug business. "She learned how to cook crack, and she kind of did it so good that she made enough for the both of us," he says. "She knew how to stretch that shit." The song hints that doubling their efforts will keep the money flowing. "It's not like, 'Oh, babe, I love you, let's work for this,'" he clarifies. "No, we're about to go break the law, and we're gonna have some fun."

Fortunately, Fetty has since found another method of supporting himself. The song changed everything for the father of two (a four-year-old son and newborn daughter). "Once the music started doing good, I didn't have to look for a way to provide for my kids," he says. "This might be my chance to

better my son's and my daughter's future." Balancing fatherhood with his new life is still a work in progress, as Wap's rigorous travel schedule coupled with studio sessions has limited his parenting time. "It bothers me," he admits. "Not all the negativity, not the one-hit-wonder talk—that's the only thing that actually bothers me."

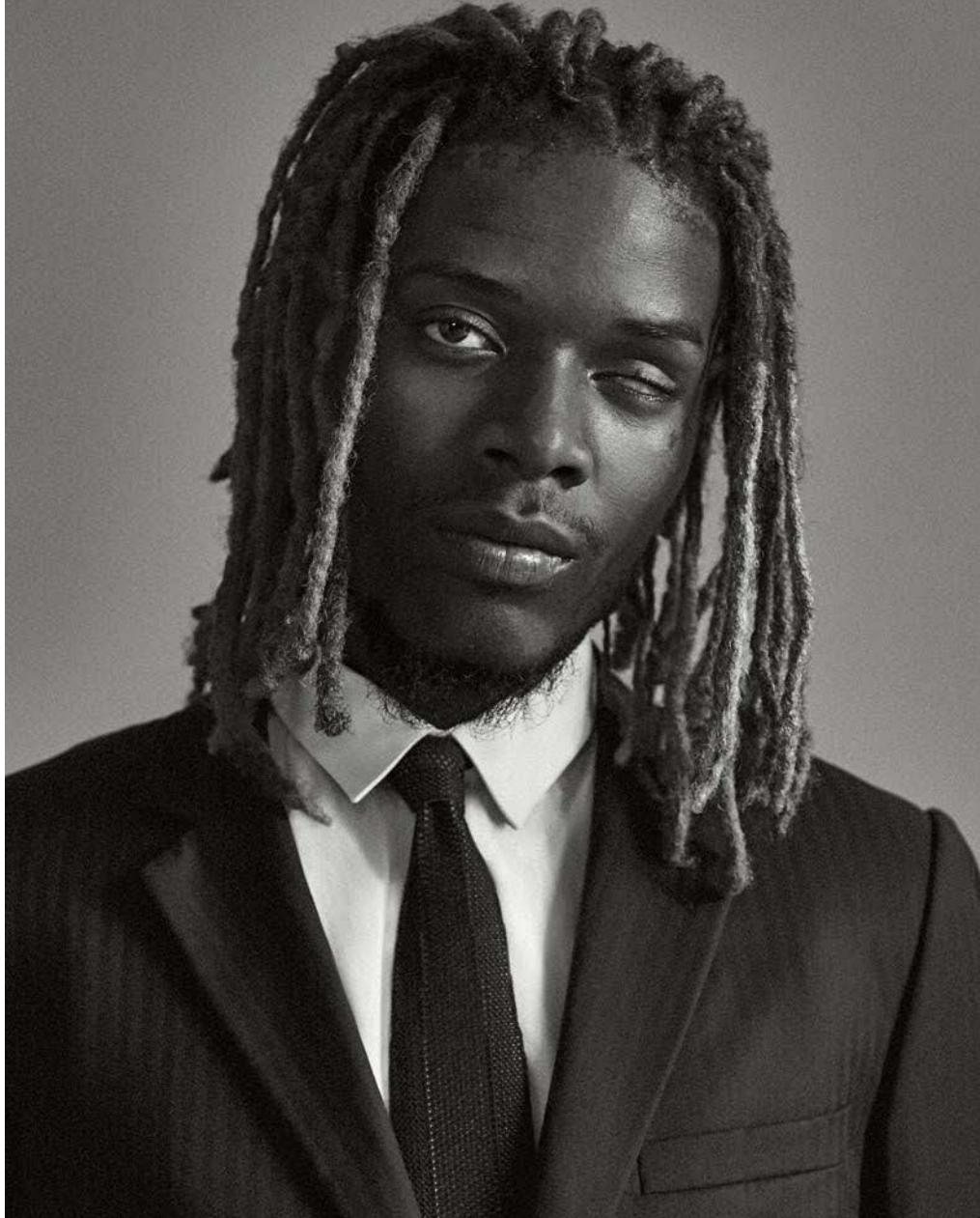
While the upstart still has a Paterson zip code, he has another place a few towns over, in Hackensack, that doubles as a gigantic walk-in closet. One room is entirely filled with Jordans—a fetish he adopted while selling mixtapes on street corners. Any extra income from those sales went straight to his sneaker habit. Now he buys a pair a day. "People

are getting shot over these," he says, running a hand over his Air Jordan XI's, a.k.a. "Space Jams." In his bedroom is an extensive collection of Robin's Jeans, straight from the factory. "I like mine with different-colored zippers," he says of his exclusive denim. Collaborating with their designer, Robin Chretien, is the next item on his career bucket list, and Fetty is slowly becoming a fixture in the company's New York City offices.

Flashy purchases aside, Fetty Wap is one of hip-hop's humblest characters. When cable network Music Choice gave him the MC100 Award, he cried on-air because it was his very first award. He has a special phone that never leaves his house that still holds his first

texts from Kanye West (who invited him to perform at the Roc City Classic show) and Drake (who appears on his single "My Way"). As a child, he developed congenital glaucoma and lost an eye (he wears a prosthesis), and though he suffered in his younger years, his fans have found him a source of inspiration.

That childhood setback has been beneficial in other ways. It taught him to be grateful for the successes life brings him and take nothing for granted. "You never know what could happen, and personally, I don't care," he says. "I just want to get up in here, get this money so that my family can live good, and if the music don't work out for me, nobody can say I never tried." ■





WELL ARMED

The LG Watch Urbane, the Genuine Smartpiece. Equipped with Android Wear, it can send texts, deliver notifications, give turn-by-turn directions, sync and play your favorite tracks, and more. With its interchangeable leatherstraps and classic gold or silver finishes, it proves the future of innovation can indeed be timeless.

androidwear

Genuine Smartpiece
LG Watch Urbane



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Charlotte Hornets (previously the Charlotte Bobcats) Co-owner

MODEL NUMBER	YEAR RELEASED	ORIGINAL PRICE (\$)	RESALE AVERAGE (\$)	PERCENTAGE CHANGE (%)	
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XXIX	2014	\$225	\$175	-22%	Lightest AJ ever
XXVIII	2013	\$250	\$360	+44%	
XXVII	2012	\$180	\$75	-58%	
XXVI	2011	\$170	\$100	-41%	
XXV	2010	\$170	\$95	-44%	Hidden MJ quote on midsole
XXIV	2009	\$190	\$135	-30%	First AJ named for year it was released
XXIII	2008	\$185	\$245	+32%	Rumored to be final AJ
XXII	2007	\$165	\$165	0%	
XXI	2006	\$180	\$465	+158%	MJ buys minority stake in Charlotte Bobcats

XX	2005	\$175	\$225	+29%	
XIX	2004	\$165	\$210	+27%	
XVIII	2003	\$175	\$315	+80%	Last shoes worn as active NBA player
XVII	2002	\$200	\$245	+23%	
XVI	2001	\$160	\$270	+69%	MJ returns to NBA with Washington Wizards

XV	1999	\$150	\$235	+57%	AJ modeled after X-15 jet developed by NASA in the 1950s
XIV	1998	\$135	\$235	+74%	MJ wins sixth and final NBA title / Last shoes MJ wears as a Bull
XIII	1997	\$150	\$375	+150%	
XII	1996	\$135	\$300	+122%	MJ wins fifth NBA title / AJ worn during legendary "flu game"
XI	1995	\$125	\$395	+216%	MJ wins fourth NBA title, leads Bulls to 72-win season / First patent-leather basketball sneaker / Appears in Space Jam

X	1994	\$125	\$300	+140%	MJ comes out of retirement and rejoins the Chicago Bulls
IX	1993	\$125	\$350	+180%	MJ plays baseball for Chicago White Sox minor league team / MJ never wore on court (only as baseball cleats) / On MJ statue outside the United Center in Chicago
VIII	1993	\$125	\$350	+180%	MJ wins NBA title and seventh-straight scoring title / Scores 20,000th point / Retires from NBA

VII	1991	\$125	\$475	+280%	MJ clinches NBA title and Olympic Gold with 1992 Dream Team / In commercials with Bugs Bunny, introducing "Hare Jordan" nickname
VI	1990	\$125	\$1K	+700%	MJ wins first NBA title / Customized VI's were part of the Batsuit worn by Michael Keaton in 1992's Batman Returns
V	1990	\$125	\$1K	+700%	First basketball sneaker to use reflective 3M material

IV	1989	\$110	\$1K	+810%	AJ worn during legendary jumper, "the shot," over defender Craig Ehlo / Seen in Do the Right Thing
III	1988	\$100	\$1.2K	+1.1K%	MJ wins Slam Dunk Contest, NBA scoring title, and MVP / AJ debuts Jumpman logo, elephant print, tumbled leather, and first mid-cut basketball shoe / Featured in Spike Lee's Mars Blackmon ads
II	1986	\$100	\$900	+800%	The Swoosh disappears / Italian-made and designed to resemble dress shoes / MJ sets NBA postseason scoring record
I	1985	\$65	\$1.9K	+2.9K%	NBA fines MJ \$5,000 per game for wearing red/black colorways / Only AJ with Nike Swoosh on side / MJ wins Rookie of the Year with the Chicago Bulls



LEGIT

Air Power

As the Air Jordan turns 30, Nike's most iconic sneaker is still dunking on the competition.



CALL THEM THE DREAM TEAM of sneaker culture: Hoops legend Michael Jordan and Nike visionary Tinker Hatfield (who designed 19 out of 29 Air Jordans) together created one of the most successful athletic brands ever. Though Jordan retired for the third and final time in 2003, J's are still flying out of stores. Jordan sales jumped 17 percent last year to \$2.6 billion, according to SportScanInfo, and they still sell eight times the annual number of Nike LeBrons. Why are Air Jordans more relevant than ever? Well, as Mars Blackmon used to say, "It's gotta be the shoes." —GUSTAVO GONZALEZ AND CHRIS WILSON

Get Ripped with Rick Owens

The iconic designer on why he hits the gym.



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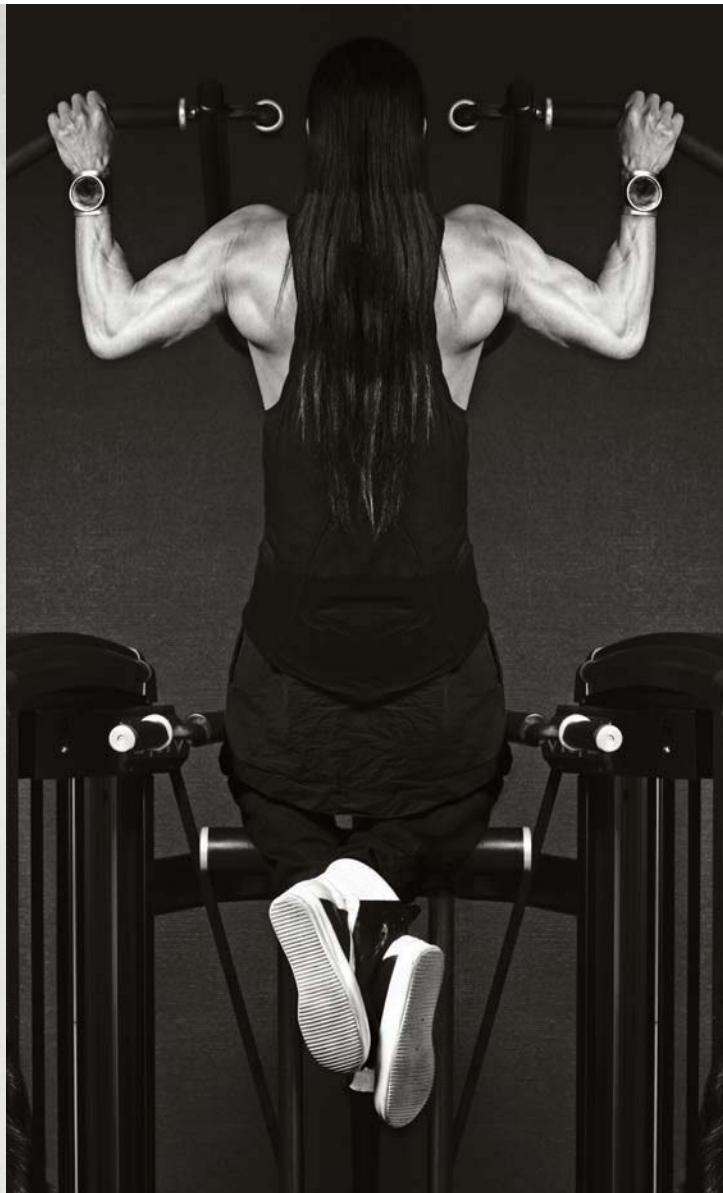
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G

etting fit is like having a big dick. It gives you a stupid, brutal, primal sense of self-worth and the confidence or delusion that in comparison to what you once were, you are bigger and better. It's shamelessly simplistic, but true.

About 15 years ago, I started

working out because I was drinking and smoking too much and had to do something to balance it out. I wasn't going to get any prettier, and vanity trumped sloth. At first it was all about looking better, but then it became about feeling better. Not physically, really, but mentally. I knew that I was going to the most extreme lengths to change and become something better than I was before. And that felt powerful.

After a few years, I could see what I had done, and it was tangible proof of a compartment in my life that could be controlled. So many things in life can be influenced by so

many variables, but grimly tending to your body day after day garners guaranteed results. And grimness gives way to a pleasant form of masturbation. When you concentrate on your body like that, you are enjoying the sensation of being alive in a very fundamental way. Of course, there are other ways to feel alive, but listening to hard-core techno through earbuds that pump bass into your gut while you're lifting something heavy in front of a mirror—and liking what you see—works for me.

I used to have a trainer for an hour five days a week, and the results were totally worth

more than the Bentley I could have bought instead. When you work out alone, it's easy to lose confidence that all that effort is really doing the right things. With a trainer, there's no doubt.

Now working out is like brushing my teeth. I don't work with a trainer or check the weights or push myself like I did then. It's more about maintenance and meditation, a personal time to rinse my brain and enjoy keeping a promise to myself. Other people might pray in a church or climb a mountain, but this checks more boxes for me. The health part is just a bonus. —RICK OWENS

Can Style Be Funny?

For better or worse, the San Francisco-based apparel upstart Betabrand brings some lulz to the art of dressing up.

by MATT HABER



Chris Lindland models the Space Jacket at Betabrand's headquarters.



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eed more proof that the machines are taking over? This spring in San Francisco, a fleet of remote-controlled drones replaced some of mankind's most essential workers: runway models.

The drones, draped with empty suits, hovered ominously—and a bit ridiculously—over the catwalk at Silicon Valley Fashion Week? (the question mark is part of the name), a tongue-in-cheek, three-day event hosted by Betabrand, a company that creates clothing and accessories for the tiny sliver on the Venn diagram where geek meets chic.

Founded by tech exec and onetime comedy writer Chris Lindland, Betabrand employs Reddit-style memes, Buzzfeed-worthy virality, and Kickstarter-like crowdfunding to create novel apparel that occasionally tips into novelty territory. Just as Armani came to define the '80s by outfitting Wall Street power brokers and Hollywood agents, Betabrand strives to be nothing less than the uniform maker for the mathletes who code our wired world.

And those coders, by and large, like to be comfortable.

Among the company's biggest sellers are the Dress Pant Sweatpants (\$108) and Dress Pant Yoga Pants for ladies (\$78), which disguise the comfort of loungewear within the sharp lines of slacks designed for

raking leaves. The Pinstripe Executive Hoodie (\$168) is an upgrade to Mark Zuckerberg's signature sweatshirt that's part suit, part sight gag. Then there are the Gay Jeans (\$98), cut slim and sewn with rainbow threads that literally "come out" as the denim ages. Not quite as popular but no less inventive are the Poo Emoji Button-Up Shirt (\$88) and optional matching Poo Emoji Light Wing Franklin Shoes (\$88).

For all its cleverness, Betabrand's biggest disruption to fashion may be in the way it has crowdsourced the design process. At more established fashion houses, designers conceive next season's looks in secrecy and carefully buzz-market them to tastemakers and fashion editors. The consumer has little choice other than to follow or get left behind.

"Ultimately, the decisions of what products you consume are made by a select group of aesthetic overlords," Lindland says. "In some cases, the talent is so great that it yields products that are indeed great. Other times, it involves decisions that don't hit." Betabrand, on the other hand, turns that approach inside out by bringing its customers into the design process early and often.

Lindland's skepticism about the old models is partly a function of being based in the Bay Area, where hundreds of start-ups "move fast and break things," but also a reflection of his personality. Talking to him at Betabrand's two-story showroom and design lab in the Mission District, you get the sense that Betabrand is a lark that grew into a business and that Lindland is a prankster who grew into a CEO.

Betabrand's goofy humor mirrors Lindland's own: A TV pilot he developed was about a crime fighter who happened to have worn a record-setting "bee beard" (which is just what it sounds like). It's hard to imagine Karl Lagerfeld coming up with that.

Of course, fashion-industry types tend to look down their noses at Betabrand. They're not exactly threatened, but there's something vaguely unsettling about the idea of democratizing the design process. In addition to soliciting feedback from potential buyers, Betabrand invites them to become collaborators by submitting ideas to its Think Tank, a crowdsourcing vertical where customers vote with their preorders. If enough people commit to buying something, Betabrand will make it, regardless of how ludicrous it may be.

Take the Suitsy, a \$378 one-piece suit, shirt, and tie onesie featured across the Web and on news shows like *Good Morning America*. Lindland concedes that the Suitsy is less a garment than a Halloween costume. Worse still, "It's an unfortunate costume in a way, because the best costumes are cheap and funny. This one's expensive and funny." But the fact that the idea for the Suitsy came from a real estate developer makes it a perfect example of Betabrand's approach. "That was one of those rare and wonderful experiences for me," Lindland says.

Another product that originated with an outside collaborator is the Solitaire, a \$188 women's jumpsuit designed by comedian Margaret Cho. With pockets in front, in back, on the leg, and hidden in the chest, it's designed to double as a wearable purse. "For me, it's the perfect garment," Cho said. "You can be self-contained and have your hands free." Cho is already dreaming of a 2.0 luxe version made of leather or "a thin lambskin that would breathe."

Who knows? If enough consumers sign on, it might be the next big thing—whether the guardians of chic approve or not.

"We're not even having to work at this," Lindland marvels. "This is just happening." ■



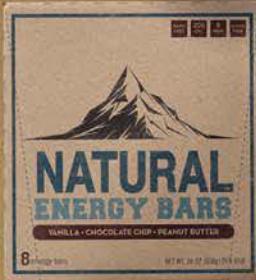
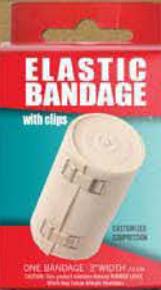
The paparazzi-proof Flashback Photobomber Hoodie.

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Pajama Party

Let's face it: Women look way better in men's pj's than we ever will. Whether she's borrowing bottoms or lounging in tops, it's a wonder we're getting any sleep at all. Here's to a morning-after moment worth dreaming about.



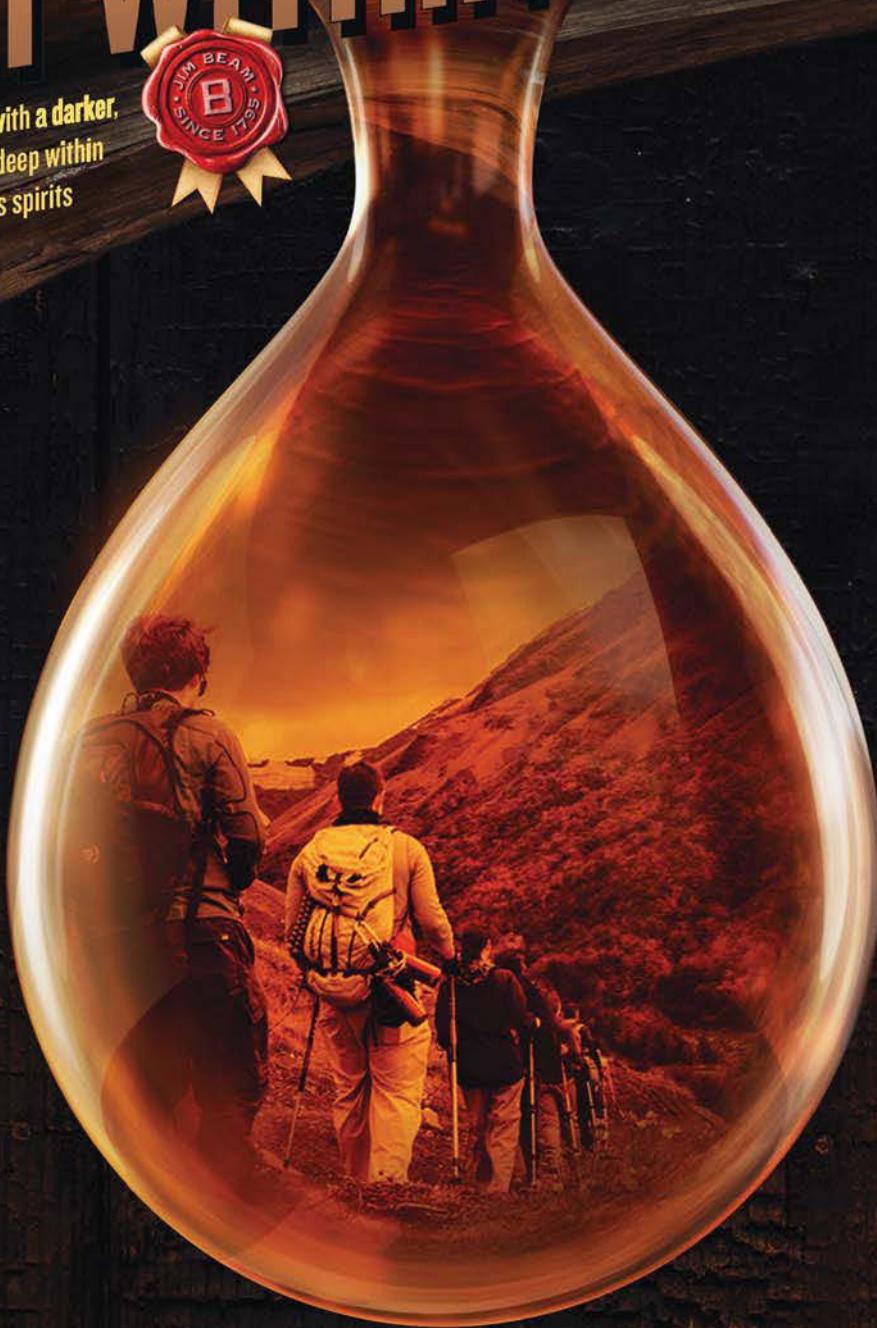
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CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: BRA, COSABELLA; BOTTOMS, OLATZ; SHIRT, DUNHILL. SHIRT, ERES. BRIEF, ERES. ROBE, TOM FORD. BRIEF, COSABELLA. PANTS, DEREK ROSE OF LONDON. AVAILABLE AT MR PORTER; BRA AND PANTY, COSABELLA. HAIR AND MAKEUP, PASCALE POMA USING CHANEL MAKEUP AND ORIBE HAIR PRODUCTS.

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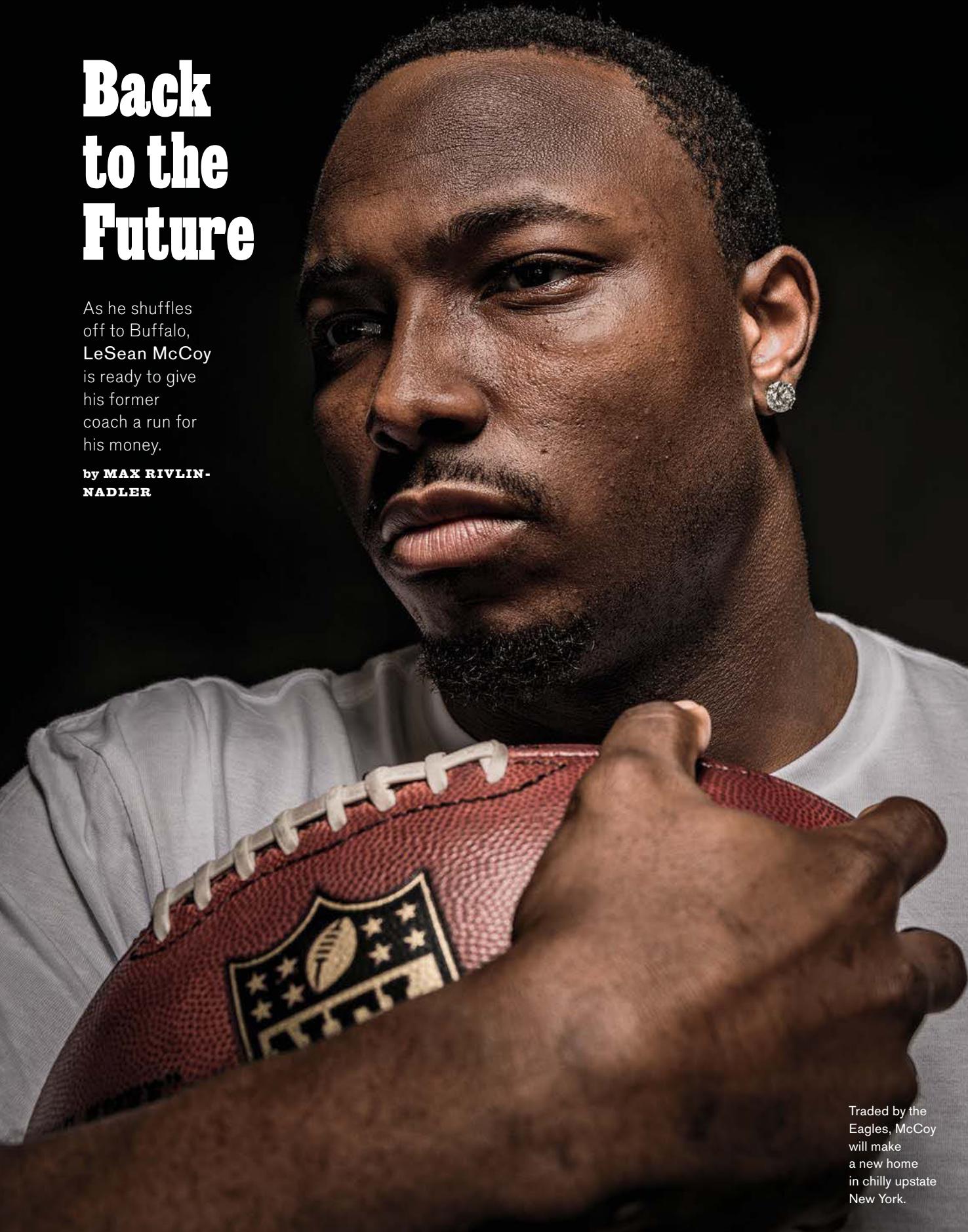
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Back to the Future

As he shuffles off to Buffalo, LeSean McCoy is ready to give his former coach a run for his money.

by MAX RIVLIN-NADLER



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Sean McCoy shouldn't have to prove anything. He's been a force of nature since entering the NFL, a running back able to cut on a dime and leave defensive backs picking grass out of their face masks. The Eagle has run roughshod over the hard-boiled NFC East for the past half decade and is easily the greatest running back in the history of one of the league's oldest franchises. And yet here he is in late June, surrounded by moving boxes at his suburban New Jersey home, still reeling from a trade that no one saw coming. In March, Philadelphia shipped McCoy off to the Buf-



McCoy tows a Ford E-350 van in his driveway in suburban New Jersey.

falo Bills—football's Siberia—in exchange for the unheralded Kiko Alonso.

"When my agent called, I told him it had to be bullshit," McCoy says. "I was in total disbelief. I had fallen in love with the city, the fans, the team. When you think of the Eagles, you think of Shady McCoy."

And for good reason: McCoy is the type of player who can change a team's fate in a second. The NFL was built on guys like him, unique talents whose incredible efforts on the field turn fans into devotees.

For the past six seasons, McCoy was the face of the Eagles, a team that had shifted through six starting quarterbacks while somehow still remaining relevant. Much of that was thanks to McCoy, the Eagles' all-time leading rusher, and a talented corps of receivers who reflected both the flash and grit of the city they played for. McCoy, who grew up in nearby Harrisburg, put up huge, memorable performances under the spotlight, like the time in 2013 when he racked up a franchise-record 217 rushing yards during a snowstorm in south Philadelphia.

But the NFL changes as fast as a Shady McCoy cutback. An emerging school of thought holds that players like McCoy are no longer valuable. In fact, with McCoy's ability to unilaterally take control of a game, these radical thinkers believe he might actually be hurting, not helping, his team.

When longtime Eagles coach Andy Reid was fired after the end of the 2012 season, he was replaced by the ideologue Chip Kelly, a college coach who employed a system that tried to overwhelm opponents with speedy play calls and complicated pre-snap motion. Under his system, stars become bit players in an elaborate drama, an approach Kelly believes can be employed with almost any level of NFL talent. When Kelly assumed control of personnel decisions, McCoy and other star Eagles found themselves increasingly unwelcome in Philadelphia.

Shady, detecting what he saw as a suspicious pattern in Kelly's management choices, insinuated that the coach was displaying a bias. "You see how fast he got rid of all the good players, especially all the good black players," McCoy told a reporter in May. (Kelly denies that his decisions were racially motivated.)

"I'm not going to forfeit any statement I made about Chip Kelly," McCoy tells *Maxim* one evening in late June. We're sitting in the backyard of his Marlton, New Jersey, home, which he is placing on the market while he hunts for new digs in Buffalo. "I mean what I say, and I'll never go back on it."

McCoy has a laid-back manner. In person, he gives the distinct impression of a man who knows what he wants and has firm expectations about how he should be treated. Sitting beside a pond next to his home at sunset, McCoy seems tranquil. He stresses the importance of "being professional" and giving respect where it's due, something he's learned from his good friend, former Eagles QB Michael Vick, who knows a thing or two about how money and stardom can lead to disastrous decisions.

The way McCoy sees it, even a coach with a system needs to treat his players like more than cogs in a machine. They're humans, too. "It's like, yeah, I got a system that I want to set up," he says, "but players make the system actually work."

If McCoy feels any disappointment about having to play for Buffalo, a franchise long synonymous with mediocrity, he doesn't show it. His new coach, Rex Ryan, is considered the polar opposite of Kelly in approach and temperament, famous for the affection he shows his players and vice versa. "Rex is the man," McCoy says. "He's the type of coach that all players dream about playing for: a hard worker, a guy who has fun but also works you hard. He takes care of his players. Especially the older players."

At 27, McCoy is by no means old, but in the modern NFL, he's nearing the age when most running backs begin to run out of steam. Statistically, he dropped off slightly last season—but to be fair, his offensive

line was falling apart around him and his relationship with Kelly disintegrating by the day. In Buffalo, he'll be back to working in a fairly simple offensive scheme, perhaps the one he's most comfortable with: Give Shady the damn ball.

Shortly after being traded, McCoy signed a five-year, \$40 million contract with the Bills, with more than half his money guaranteed. With numbers like that on the table, the Bills clearly believe in LeSean McCoy, a player whose talent has never been in doubt.

This year he'll be playing for more than just victories. He'll be aiming to prove that great athletes still matter, that a system can only take you so far, and that wherever you send them, players like Shady McCoy will not just go away. They might even run right over you. ■

I mean what I say, and I'll never go back on it," McCoy says of his former coach Chip Kelly.



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1. To celebrate Giorgio Armani's 40th anniversary, the designer teamed with Vespa to create the world's most luxurious scooter. The numbered-run Vespa 946 Emporio Armani features aluminum cylinder blocks, satin metal finishes, and buttery brown leather.

2. At \$1,750, the limited-edition skate deck designed by artist Richard Prince for Supreme is built less for grinding than framing, but no one's going to stop you.

3. What the Paul Smith 531 fixed-gear might lack in horsepower it makes up for with \$8,195 of matte-black, high-performance perfection from the bespoke bike firm Mercian.



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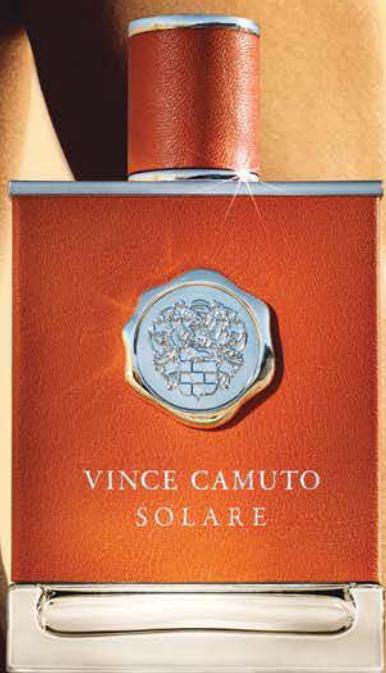
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Smooth Ride

Maserati and Zegna join forces, and the silk hits the road.

by BEN KEESHIN



S

ilk is not the most durable material. Rather, it's the sumptuous, insect-spun fabric of shawls, slippers, and the linings of better coats—a textile that transcends commodification, more shimmering asset than sturdy cloth. Lovely, but with the integrity of a pecorino shaving. Silk, in its grained opulence, is party-at-night, not workaday. Even as automakers outfit their cabins with materials seemingly poached from a high-luxe spaceship—carbon fiber, open-pore wood, fiber-optic lighting, and glove leather—silk has remained off the menu, too delicate for the interior of a sporting car.

That's exactly what the head of Maserati, Harald Wester, thought. Looking to add a dose of exclusivity to his company's already rarefied sedans, the Quattroporte sporting limousine and the smaller, stiletto-quick Ghibli, Wester turned to another century-old Italian powerhouse, the textile manufacturer and fashion brand Ermengildo Zegna, for ideas about a new, ultimate interior fitting. Zegna's chairman, Paolo Zegna, suggested silk.

In June, telling that story to a gaggle of prosciutto-addled journalists wilting happily in the Hemingway Suite at the Grand Hotel des Iles Borromées on Italy's Lake Maggiore, Wester reiterated his reply: "Preposterous." A trained mechanical engineer, Wester thought immediately of Maserati's battery of durability tests and had visions of hydraulic pistons punching clean through silken upholstery like a spoon through ricotta. Silk, he said, would never stand up to rough treatment.

At first, he was right. The initial silk Zegna produced—a cut of its finest apparel-quality material—did not survive even 10 percent of Maserati's testing regimen. In Wester's words, the result was a seat cover with "more holes than silk." Undaunted, Zegna and Maserati spent two years working to find a silk—pure, not a micron less than 100 percent—that was strong enough to live inside Maserati's athletic sedans.

The final product is an exclusive Zegna mulberry silk in anthracite gray, double the weight of Zegna's suit material. Paired with Poltrona Frau leather, it covers the seats, door panels, roof lining, ceiling-light fixture, and sunshades: Overall, one Zegna-equipped Maserati uses four times as much silk as a Zegna suit. According to Maserati, the silk meets every standard of its leathers and will last the life of the car.

As we snaked out of the Hemingway Suite, the journalists were assigned sedans—mine, a

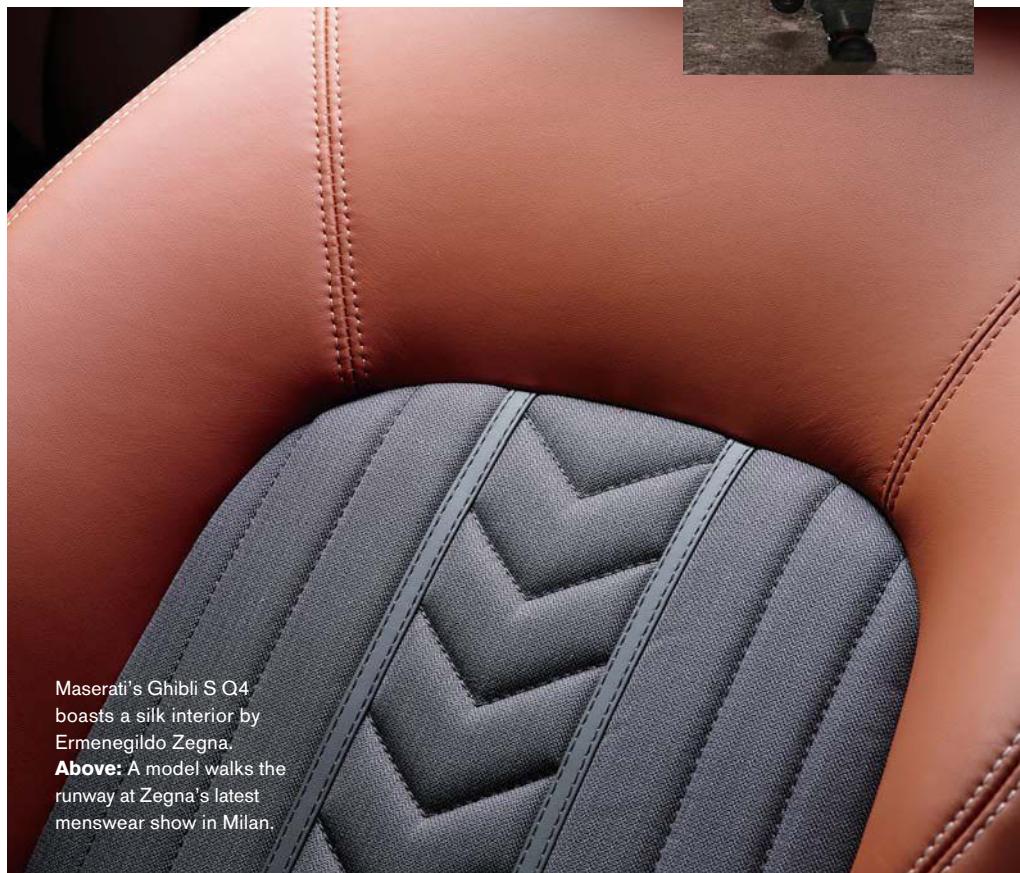
perfect Ghibli S Q4 in lustrous Grigio with a red-anthracite Zegna interior. After I plopped with no undue delicacy into the car, Zegna's mastery became immediately apparent. The silk fittings were stitched meticulously, with sharp detailing recalling the crisply cut suits for which the fashion house is famous. The panels were visually understated, with the low-sheen richness that makes the material so bewitching, and as a tactile experience, they crackled with allure. It was impossible not to run palms, knuckles, and cheeks (yes) all over the interior of the Ghibli like a trapped truffle pig.

Then I punched Maserati's starter button and the car's rorty motor sprang to life. With fingertips placed gently on the aluminum paddle shifters, I conspired with the Maserati's 410 horsepower and Zegna's custom-built Panoramica mountain roadway to treat that gorgeous interior to the drubbing of its life. I threw the Ghibli into

corners, prodded its twin turbocharged V-6 to screaming, and left an Italian tollbooth with a haste usually reserved for newly enriched criminals.

In the face of wanton abuse, the silk stood strong, sleek, and unperturbed. In truth, I was the party much worse for wear. ■

LEGIT



Maserati's Ghibli S Q4 boasts a silk interior by Ermengildo Zegna.
Above: A model walks the runway at Zegna's latest menswear show in Milan.

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by ALI DRUCKER

IT ALL STARTED WITH a cheap drugstore comb. Pittsburgh metalsmith Michael Studebaker was using one to tame his unruly beard when the handle broke. "I decided to make something that would never break or bend in your pocket," he recalls. "That you could keep forever and even pass down to your progeny—if they had beards, of course."

Studebaker, 29, and his wife, Alyssa, were already hand-forging jewelry on a pair of antique anvils in their Studebaker Metals studio, and that fateful comb snap five years ago inspired them to craft gorgeous and damn-near-indestructible grooming gear like the Hand-Forged Mustache Comb, Silver & Brass Handmade Safety Razor, and Brass & Badger Shave Brush above. Since 2013, Studebaker has been banging out grooming tools that are at once old-timey showpieces and everyday staples fit for the manliest of modern medicine cabinets.

Evoking the aged patina of blacksmith-forged heirloom tools, the rough finish on Studebaker's gear is achieved in the most authentic way possible: by being pounded into shape on an anvil. A single safety razor takes about 16 hours to make; its three components, including the delicate threaded closure, are hand-cut and hammered into a thing of beauty. The mustache comb (yes, it's also great for the wildest of beards) is similarly handcrafted, with each tooth finely sawed down and polished, giving it exceptional glide.

The diabolical-looking instrument, inspired by the silhouette of an upturned 'stache, is Studebaker's most popular grooming item. "I know guys who are carrying them in their pockets and using them daily," he says. Studebaker is equally proud of his safety razor ("I based the design on an old German razor I found in a thrift store") and shave brush ("There's really no chance that those badger hairs are ever gonna fall out"). With such rigorous attention to detail, it's no surprise that he stamps every piece with his name and city of origin, a shout-out to working-class Pittsburgh. The Iron City.



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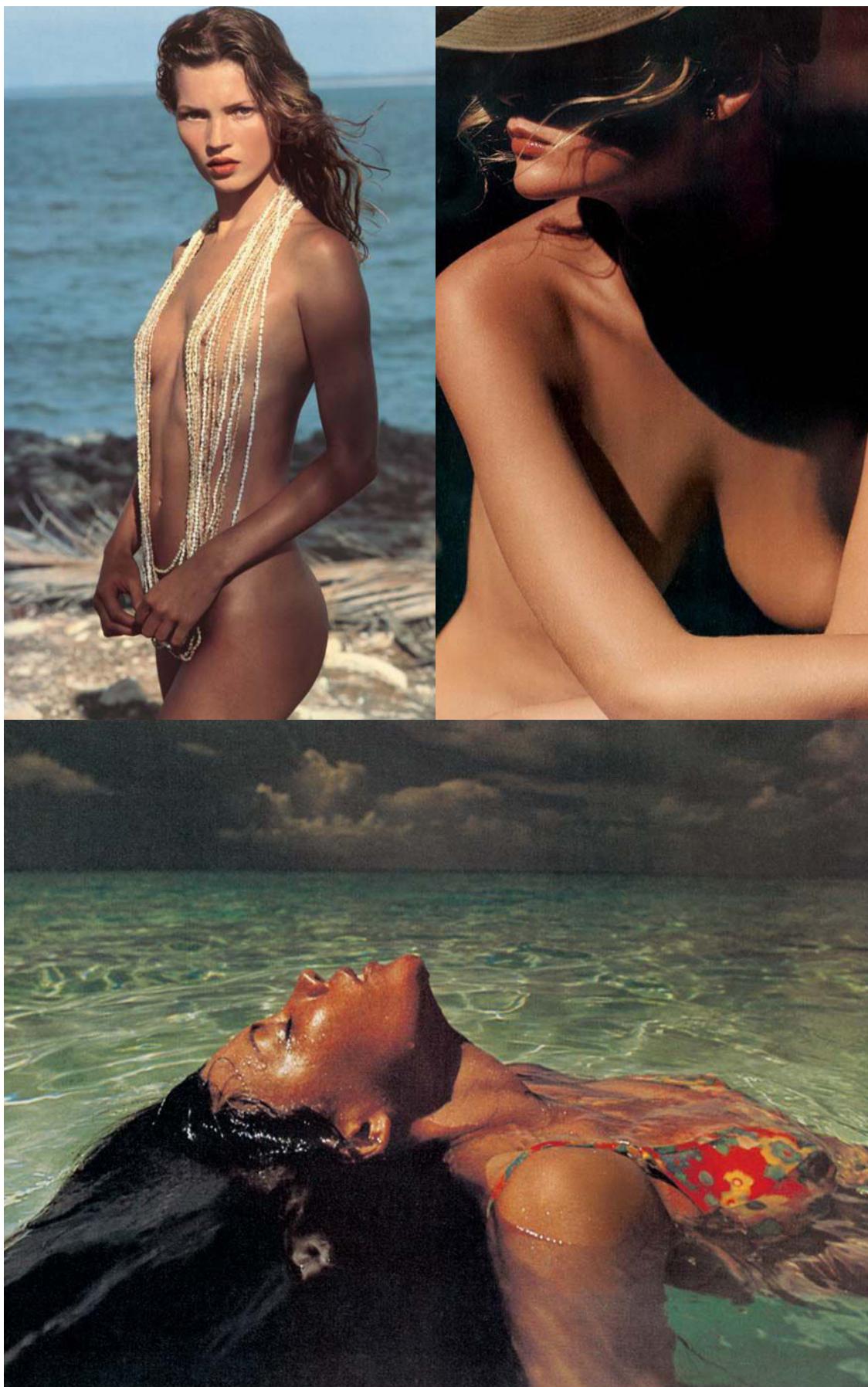
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1

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**THE PIRELLI
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For years, the genre of tasteful supermodel art nudes has had an unlikely patron: a Milan-based tire manufacturer. But Pirelli's beloved annual calendar has never been available to the general public. In commemoration of the project's 50th anniversary, images that were once reserved only for VIPs and clients can now be enjoyed by anyone with a coffee table. This month Taschen is releasing the complete archive, *Pirelli—The Calendar: 50 Years and More*. They're all here: Gisele, Cindy, Milla, Heidi, Alessandra, Kate, and many others. Also included: hundreds of unpublished behind-the-scenes shots by legends like Richard Avedon, Helmut Newton, Herb Ritts, Patrick Demarchelier, and Mario Testino—with nary a tire in sight.



Clockwise from top left:
Kate Moss by Herb Ritts ('94), Eva Nielsen by Hans Feurer ('74), Paula Martine by Francis Giacobetti ('70). Previous page: Marana by Hans Feurer ('74).



A black and white photograph of five young men standing in a city street. They are dressed in various styles of men's clothing, including leather jackets, blazers, and suits. The background shows a dense city skyline with many skyscrapers.

BE THE EVOLUTION

-Kenneth Cole



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2

THE VIDEO GAME

MADDEN NFL 16 TEACHES YOU HOW TO PLAY MADDEN NFL 16.

Practice doesn't make perfect. I should know. I've spent countless hours playing Madden, and somehow I never really got any good. The problem? I never had a coach. This year's edition of the long-running NFL video game franchise fixes that problem with updates to what it calls Skills Trainer. Here's how it works.

Catching

If this past NFL season taught us anything, it's that big catches for big yards win games. It's also

why Odell Beckham Jr. graces *Madden NFL 16*'s cover this year instead of J.J. Watt. The game's practice arena will drill you on the right routes to run so you know when to risk it all and head deep or when to run that buttonhook for the short gain. There's also a variety of new ways to control your wideouts so they're not just running around like an algorithm with its head cut off.

Quarterbacking
Reminding us that *Madden* is a football simulator at its

core, being a QB in the game requires almost as much skill as being one on the gridiron. *Madden*'s coaching teaches you to read defenses and react accordingly, call audibles if you're rethinking a run, or punish an opponent by throwing the bomb when their coverage breaks down. You could try to learn by actually watching NFL games, but it's much more enjoyable when a coach is nudging you in the right direction, praising your now flawless decision making.

Defense

As much fun as it is to just try to outscore your opponent, defense is what really wins championships. For victory, you need to know how to assess your opponent's backfield, anticipate the long

A vastly improved Skills Trainer mode is designed to help players of *Madden NFL 16* quickly raise their game.

ball, and jam the line to stop the run. *Madden*'s defensive coaching offers up intuitive suggestions and repetitions in the practice arena so you can learn to spot offensive formations, exploit them, and crush the opposing virtual QB. Drill long enough and you might actually show up in Eli Manning's nightmare (the recurring one, with a lone man holding a game controller, constantly blitzing him into oblivion). —John Sciarrino

3 | THE MADMAN

FAREWELL TO THE GREATEST TV CHARACTER OF ALL TIME: RAFI ON *THE LEAGUE*.



And he is the most spectacular character to have ever graced a television screen.

Rafi's main appeal is what Mantzoukas refers to as his "unbridled id." *The League* is, by and large, an improvised production—and Mantzoukas is one of the best improvisers in the game. He excels at raising the stakes in each scene and delivering one-liners like "I am day-drunk. Get ready to see my dick!" No other character on television manages to make us laugh so hard while simultaneously wondering, *WTF just happened?*

Jeff and Jackie Schaffer, the show's creators, set out to make "the worst possible person to have in your league"—and they succeeded. Rafi is the platonic ideal of depravity: beautifully unhinged. He's also, oddly, the heart of the show. We'll always have another tortured antihero. We will never have another Rafi.

When *The League* gets ready to hang up its fantasy cleats later this fall, we'll be losing one of the most fun shows on television. But most of all, we'll be losing a friend. Farewell, El Cúñado. —Gabriella Paiella

4

THE STYLE ICON

JOHNNY DEPP'S MOST NOTEWORTHY LOOKS, FROM COOLEST TO FOOLEST.



21 Jump Street
Officer Tom Hanson



Cry-Baby
Cry-Baby



Donnie Brasco
Donnie



What's Eating Gilbert Grape
Gilbert Grape



Blow
George Jung

COOLEST

DON'T BE ANTISOCIAL
FOLLOW MAXIM EVERYWHERE



MAXIM

5

THE
MUSIC
MAN

HEDI SLIMANE HAS MADE MUSIC A PART OF HIS STYLE REPERTOIRE FOR YEARS.

If he ever gives up his day job as creative director of Saint Laurent Paris (and let's hope he never does), Hedi Slimane would make a hell of an A&R guy. The designer knows music. In addition to creating stage looks for David Bowie, Daft Punk, and Mick Jagger, he has photographed everyone from Joni Mitchell and Marilyn Manson to Amy Winehouse and the Kills for his long-running Music Project. And many of the skinny dudes modeling Saint Laurent Paris' latest looks on the runway happen to be moonlighting musicians. Right, a look at some of Slimane's many rockers turned walkers.



Black Mass
Whitey Bulger



Sleepy Hollow
Ichabod Crane



Chocolat
Roux



Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas
Raoul Duke



Mortdecai
Mortdecai



Sweeney Todd
Sweeney Todd

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AND SOME DON'T.



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6

THE BOOK

JONATHAN FRANZEN'S *PURITY*, A BREEZY EPIC OF SECRETS, SURVEILLANCE, AND SEX.

If you're tempted to read Jonathan Franzen's sprawling new novel for the sex scenes, don't. I'll save you the trouble: The book's fumbling stabs at eroticism, while plentiful, are no less cringe-worthy than the ones in *Freedom* that got the author shortlisted for a "bad sex" award and brought on a literary wedgie from Jezebel.

At this point it's clear Franzen relishes the hate. He even uses words like *loins* and *stifly*, so you know he's trolling us, just like

when he dissed Oprah, or e-books, or Twitter, or maybe even when he took up bird-watching. He plainly thinks contemporary culture is dumb (true) and seems to view the cascade of disdain directed his way as evidence of his superiority (nice try).

The author's public psychodrama has become a type of performance art in its own right. But it's still not as interesting as his writing. *Purity*, which is sure to be one of the fall's most talked-about books,

is an ambitious effort that deserves to be appraised on its merits. At heart, it's the story of Andreas Wolf, a compulsively masturbating teen growing up in East Germany, who soon moves on to womanizing, becomes a dissident, commits a murder on behalf of a beautiful teenage girl, and goes on to establish the Sunlight Project, a Bolivia-based hacker collective in the WikiLeaks mold. Into his orbit stumbles a brash young woman, Purity, nicknamed Pip (yes, a reference to *Great Expectations*—you got it), seeking to shed some light on her own family secrets.

Purity is a fun, occasionally dazzling read, at its best when detailing life under the East German

The author of *The Corrections* updates *Great Expectations* for the WikiLeaks era.

surveillance state. As literature, it feels oddly weightless, but you can't deny Franzen's talent for creating colorful characters and shuffling them into appealingly convoluted narratives. In fact, he should probably be writing for television. Years ago, he tried—a halfhearted attempt he made note of in a 1996 essay, "Perchance to Dream." It didn't work out, but TV has gotten a lot better since then, and Franzen has gotten a little stale. Time to give it another shot. —Aaron Gell

7 | THE BAND

HO99O9 MINES THE FEAR FACTOR.



Their music is a creepy, bloodcurdling, deconstructed blend of rap and punk reminiscent, by turns, of Death Grips, DMX, and Die Antwoord. They sum up their gleefully unholy aesthetic as a "mash-up of Rob Zombie and Quentin Tarantino."

And Ho99o9 (pronounced "horror"), who hail from eastern New Jersey, are already becoming notorious for their aggressively unhinged live shows. If you want to worry your parents, this is the band for you. The pair, who go by Yeti999 (pictured above, left) and the OGM, met through high school friends and spent a few years bouncing around local mosh pits together before stepping onstage themselves. "We didn't even have a band yet when we started throwing shows," the OGM recalls. "We just

did it for the excitement of having a platform for us and our homies." Their fascination with the macabre, they say, goes back to childhood. "Freddy Krueger, Carrie, *The Exorcist*—you know how crazy all those things are?" asks the OGM, giggling. "When you were a kid, you were scared of it," he points out, "but something pulled you in. You don't know why you like it; you just do."

Accordingly, the band's music videos are decidedly not for the faint of heart. The grisly and unnerving "Da Blue Nigga from Hellboy," for instance, showcases Yeti999 feasting lustily on his bandmate's entrails while a young vixen writhes around in his blood. "I like to think we're storytellers and that we're scoring films," says Yeti999. "Like, horror films and shit." —Jenny Eliscu



Dark Shadows
Barnabas Collins



Charlie and the Chocolate Factory
Willy Wonka



Edward Scissorhands
Edward Scissorhands



Pirates of the Caribbean
Jack Sparrow



Alice in Wonderland
Mad Hatter

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Jazz ensemble
New Orleans
Swamp Donkeys
performs
at Cliff Bell's
in Detroit.

10 | THE TASTEMAKER

COACH'S STUART VEVERS ON A FEW OF HIS FAVORITE THINGS.



8 | THE NIGHT OUT

FASHION ICON JOHN VARVATOS OFFERS A NIGHTLIFE GUIDE TO HIS NATIVE DETROIT.



These days, designer John Varvatos lives in New York, but it's the hardscrabble, rock 'n' roll-heavy landscape of his youth that remains his chief source of inspiration. In April, Varvatos opened a menswear store in downtown

Detroit, his first in the Midwest. Here, his all-night party guide to the Motor City.

Dinner

"Wright & Company is a great speakeasy bar-restaurant, right above my store. It's got a turn-of-the-century, Detroit-meets-SoHo vibe."

Pregame

"Anchor Bar is a solid, no-frills Detroit dive where people hang out after a hard day's work; you can grab a beer and a basket of Tater Tots

and watch the Red Wings game. There's a full bar and a loaded jukebox. That's really all you need."

Party

"In the '60s, Cliff Bell's was the place to see all soul acts. Today it's the coolest jazz bar I've ever experienced. The groove is so hot, you can dance your ass off."

After-Party

"Head over to Greektown. There's always something happening."

The A.M.

"Some places downtown do amazing brunch: Selden Standard has a killer baked-eggs dish; Gold Cash Gold makes the best pickle-brine fried chicken and waffles. But nothing kills a hangover better than a dog from Lafayette Coney Island."

9 | THE SEND-UP

MOONBEAM CITY IS THE NEXT ARCHER.



A hapless, oversexed, absurdist cartoon crime fighter provokes the ire of his exceedingly competent female boss while constantly screwing up (and screwing) on the job. Sound familiar? *Moonbeam City*, Comedy Central's latest animated offering (premiering September 16), bears some obvious similarities to the wildly popular FX series *Archer*. But rather than riffing on James Bond, *Moonbeam City*

borrowes from '80s chestnuts like *Miami Vice* and *Jem*, a combination so weird that it works. Dazzle Novak (Rob Lowe) is said hapless detective, working for police chief Pizzaz Miller (Elizabeth Banks) in the neon and crime-ridden *Moonbeam City*. Will Forte stars as Rad Cunningham, Novak's rival, and Kate Mara voices Chrysalis Tate, his steadfast colleague. Remember, you're never too old to watch cartoons.
—Gabriella Paliella

Car: Land Rover

Camera: Polaroid

Phone: iPhone 6

App: Instagram

Destination:

Lake District, U.K.

Beach: Coney

Island, NYC

Hotel: The Point

Resort in the

Adirondacks

Luggage:

Coach Explorer

bag in Saddle

Club: Shoreditch

House, London

Bar: Bemelmans Bar,

the Carlyle, NYC

Spirit: Hendrick's Gin

Beer: Sapporo

Restaurant: The

Waverly Inn, NYC

Dish: Truffled mac

and cheese at the

above restaurant

Indulgence:

First-class travel

Album: *The Desired*

Effect, Brandon

Flowers:

Movie: *Jaws*

Book: *The Catcher*

in the Rye

Artist: Gary Baseman

Style icon:

Debbie Harry

Collectible:

Rare art books

Childhood crush:

Brett Anderson

from Suede

Watch: Apple

Suit jacket: Ralph Lauren Purple Label

Sweater: Coach

Wild Beast sweater

Shoes: Coach

Tompkins combat boot

Tie: Charvet

Jeans: Acne

Studios Max Satin

Sneakers:

Coach C101

Go-to uniform: Black jeans, white T-shirt, blue shirt, white

sneakers, and black Coach Manhattan tote

Signature barber:

Aerea Salon, Marlene

Scent: Blanche, Byredo

Moisturizer: Estée Lauder Advanced Night Repair

Shaver:

Gillette Mach3

Shaving cream:

Elemis Ice Cool Foaming Gel

Workout: Walking to work on the

High Line, NYC

Chair: Eames

molded plywood

Art: Diamond Dust

Shoes, Andy Warhol

Lamp: Flos Snoopy lamp

Kitchen utensil:

SodaStream

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 **TOYOTA** | Let's Go Places

SHE SAID, HE SAID

DEAR MAXIM,
"MY GIRLFRIEND CAN
ONLY ORGASM
AFTER 45 MINUTES
OF ORAL SEX.
I'M GAME FOR
GOING DOWNTOWN
AS MUCH AS
ANYONE, BUT I'M
GETTING BORED
AND MY JAW HURTS.
ANY IDEAS?"

SHE SAID

JESUS, 45 MINUTES of oral. I'm impressed that you made it past the first course. I don't think I've ever given a 45-minute blow job...at least, not without a time-out so the favor could be reciprocated. I admire both your tenacity and your desire to bring your girlfriend to climax. You're a good man.

And yet, in our multi-tasking, ADHD, *4-Hour-Work-week* world, that's a lot of time to devote to a single undertaking. Maybe you need to discuss some alternatives with her. Couples get stuck in ruts. Unless you voice your concern, you might wind up mumbling your vows with a case of lockjaw. You need to be the solution here.

Take my ex-boyfriend in college, who always bought his girlfriends Hitachi Magic Wand vibrators as birthday gifts. Those things are the gold standard of sex toys; Walmart even carries them. The only problem, he's since confessed, is that the devices outlasted every single relationship. He thinks maybe they made him redundant. In fact, that's not quite true—but the suckers are built to last.

Or take it to the next level. They've got these sex toys now that make the AI in *Ex Machina* look as sexy as neglected Tamagotchi. I mean, there are vibrators shaped like tongues. It's a wonderful world. Maybe squirt some lube on one of those gizmos and let it do the dirty work, while you attend to other pressing matters. (Ahem, nipples?)

—DREW GRANT

HE SAID

FIRST OF ALL, dude: Whoa, that sucks. Orally stimulating a woman's genitals while she writhes there between the bedsheets for 45 agonizing minutes? Brutal. No man should have to experience it. I mean, welcome to Guantánamo Bay.

By the way, can I get your girl's number?

All kidding aside, you're right to want to keep her satisfied: At this point, any guy who's not eager to show his lady friend a good time is not getting much repeat action. You're just going about this the wrong way. Being sensitive to "her pleasure," as the condom boxes put it, is honorable, but overeager guys have taken the challenge too far, increasing the pressure on women to orgasm (the louder and more demonstrably, the better)—which only makes it harder for them to do. Some even resort to faking it just to get themselves off the hook without destroying our fragile psyches! So consider yourself lucky that your girlfriend isn't pulling a fast one. And remember: A woman's body is not a video game. You're having sex, not trying to unlock a new stage of *Super Smash Bros.* So here's a radical idea: Try messing around without worrying about either of you climaxing at all. (Just bear with me.) When she nudges your shoulders down, raise your head instead and look into her eyes. Tell her neither of you is going to come. Tell her to trust you and just relax. Take it slow. Kiss her hotly on the mouth. Mess around. Have a little fun. If you can both learn to stop watching the scoreboard, you might learn to enjoy the game itself.

—TONY COMSTOCK

SEX LIFE

"I MET AN OLD FRIEND FOR DRINKS AND WOUND UP HAVING MY FIRST THREESOME."
—STEPHANIE*, 27

Wait, what friend?

This girl I knew from college. We'd been meaning to get together, but I kept putting it off. Then late one night, she texted me. The guy I'd been seeing and I had just cut things off, so I figured, *Why not grab a drink?*

How'd you get onto the topic of sharing a man?

Porn. She was obsessed with James Dean, and I told her I wasn't really into porn. She offered to send me some stuff and asked if I was into girl-on-girl scenes. I told her I'd never really wanted to have sex with a woman, but I'd always wanted to have a threesome.

Did she have any experience with threesomes?

She told me that she'd just had one with two of our mutual friends. I was like, "That's funny, I'd love to have one, but I don't know how to set it up." I thought I'd have to be so drunk to make the overture that I'd be too drunk to enjoy it.

I guess she knew how to set up a threesome!

She was like, "There's this cute guy I just met on 3nder; do you want to see his picture?"

Was he cute?

There was nothing offensive about him. It was 1 A.M. by this point, and I was a little drunk. She was like, "Let me just text him to see if he's free."

Of course he was free for a threesome.

Yeah...but I wanted to get ready first. So she told him he could come over in an hour, and we took a cab back to her place in Manhattan. When we got there, he was waiting outside her apartment.

Eager!

Yes. She was like, "Hold on a sec." We got into her shower together, I shaved my legs, and she let me borrow some sexier underwear.

So you saw her naked before you had sex?

Yeah, but at that point, it felt like girly anticipation, like going to the spa or going skinny-dipping. She was beautiful, but I was nervous because she was thinner than I was. It ended up not mattering at all. We let him upstairs, and we all drank some wine and talked about our jobs. I think she started kissing me first.

What happened next?

We kissed for a while, and he told us to take off our clothes. We touched each other's boobs, and then I noticed he had taken off his pants and was touching himself. All of that was nice!

So far, so good.

They kept complimenting me and telling me I was so sexy. They made it clear that even though it was my first time, they would take care of me. Then we went down on him at the same time.

That sounds...crowded.

It wasn't! It organically happened. They both knew what they were doing and directed things. I followed.

Did you ever feel left out?

No. There was one point where he spanked her a lot—something they'd connected over on the Internet—but I'm not into that, so I just watched.

Did you like watching another woman get spanked?

I got so wet. I was turned on physically, but mentally I felt like I was on drugs, watching it as a third party. He fucked her, and he fucked me. It went on for a long time, like from 2 A.M. to 5 A.M.

What happened afterward?

We ordered nachos, and she told him, "You have to leave." He asked if he could stay and cuddle, and she said no. We slept for a while, and later, I realized her bed faced a huge courtyard window with no curtains. Oops!

BLAZER

WHY THE BLAZER IS THE SEXIEST PIECE OF CLOTHING YOU CAN OWN.



WELL-CUT BLAZER sharply defines the sexiest parts of a man's body—the broadness of the shoulders and the back—drawing the eye down toward the waist and creating the ideal triangular torso. (Even if you don't work out, the flattering cut of the blazer will make her suspect that you do.) In contrast to the traditional suit jacket, the considerably more casual blazer says that you're both intellectual and athletic, secure and self-effacing, civilized and carnally inclined.

To wit: In the film adaptation of *Fifty Shades of Grey*, Christian wore blazers whenever he felt he was losing control of the ostensibly submissive Anastasia. There he was, in sober French blue, negotiating the use of leather handcuffs and butt plugs over sushi and chilled Pouilly Fumé. It's only as he begins to fall in love that his wardrobe relaxes and he starts wearing cashmere sweaters and Varvatos tees. But it's the self-imposed restraint that Christian initially presents that hints at something kinky underneath his bespoke jackets. Mark Bridges, the film's Oscar-winning costume designer, said that he purposely made Christian's blazers fit "like a second skin." Bridges also made sure that each jacket featured three-inch peaked lapels, to subtly draw the eye to actor Jamie Dornan's face.

Other men, real and fictional, who have shown the way to smolder in a blazer: Don Draper, David Beckham, Matthew McConaughey, Pharrell Williams, Brad Pitt, Channing Tatum. Timothy Olyphant, who just wrapped six seasons on FX's modern-day western *Justified*, made his character, Deputy U.S. Marshal Raylan Givens, the sexiest lawman on TV by rocking jeans, flannels, cowboy boots, and a Stetson—all pulled together by a great-fitting blazer. Charlie Hunnam, among the most masculine actors of his generation, also cleans up in a blazer from time to time—and he looks hotter in a Calvin Klein suit than he ever did in a *Sons of Anarchy* biker vest.

For blazer amateurs unsure of which brand to buy, Ralph Lauren offers the most elastic price point with Purple Label and Polo. You don't have to have a model's physique, either: A well-constructed jacket, with sharp shoulders and a proper cut, will hide a multitude of sins. And given how women tend to swoon around any man who wears one, it may lead to a multitude of sins as well.

—MAUREEN CALLAHAN

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the Tie Bar. Watch, Oris.

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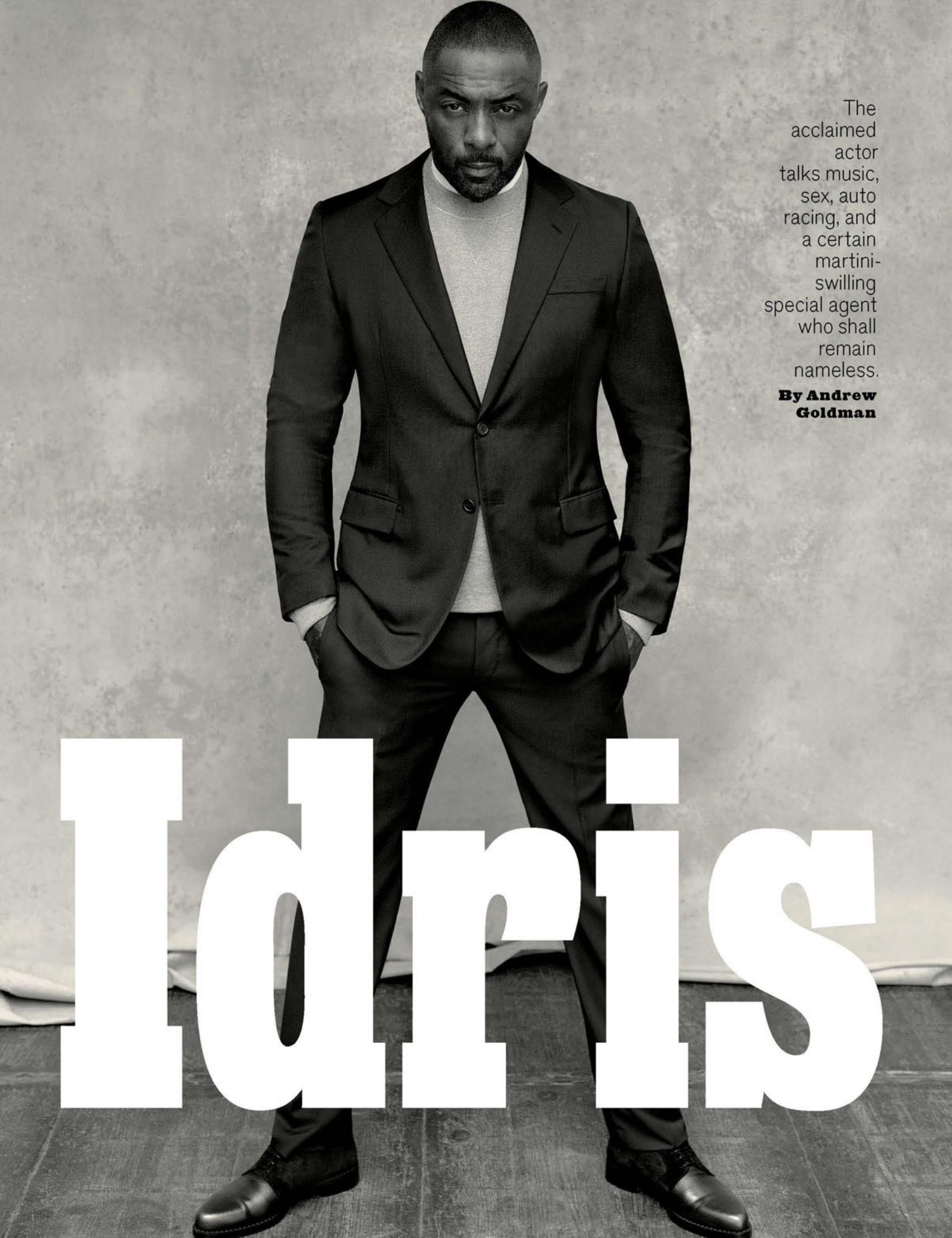
Bally

The Portfolio

Prada



HAIR, CECILIA ROMERO USING RENÉ FURTERER AT THE WALL GROUP; MAKEUP, MAKI HASEGAWA AT THE WALL GROUP USING MAC COSMETICS



The acclaimed actor talks music, sex, auto racing, and a certain martini-swilling special agent who shall remain nameless.

By Andrew Goldman

TODAY'S LICENSING



This page:
Jacket and pants,
Burberry
London. Shoes,
Jimmy Choo
(worn throughout).

Opposite
page: Suit and
shirt, Prada.
Sweater, Dolce
& Gabbana.
Socks, Topman.



Coat, Superdry.
Sweater, Calvin
Klein. Pants,
Giorgio Armani.

TAKE IT FROM the man himself: It's just not happening. Elba, Idris Elba, will not be the next actor to introduce himself with that famous construction as Ian Fleming's spy with a license to kill. The oddsmakers have spoken, tipping Damian Lewis to take over from Daniel Craig following this year's *Spectre*. True, the franchise's fans have not been shy about their desire to see the producers slide the Aston Martin keys across the bar to Elba, the scrappy kid from working-class Hackney. But in the actor's estimation, this very attention has all but killed his chances to land the role. So, in an effort to pull victory from the jaws of defeat, let's all just shut up about it, foil the search engines, and not even mention the famous spy he's never in a million years going to play, OK? It should be enough to celebrate the work of an impressively talented 43-year-old actor with the range to go from playing *The Wire*'s drug kingpin Stringer Bell to Nelson Mandela, and soon the villain of the *Star Trek* reboot. Next month, Elba plays the frighteningly charismatic commandant of an African child army in Cary Fukunaga's *Beasts of No Nation*, a performance sure to land him on a red carpet or two. And who knows? Given his recent auto-racing exploits and his prowess as a DJ, maybe the sight of the actor strutting before the global entertainment media in a designer tux will land him the role after all. Oddsmakers have been wrong before.

You shot *Beasts of No Nation* in Ghana, where your mother grew up. Were you received as a hero?

I think there's some pride there about my heritage and pride that I can use my skill to tell African stories. I've been acting a long time, but playing Mandela was certainly one of the big touchstones where my family said, "Wow, well done." Playing a part in *Thor* didn't quite get the same sort of reaction.

Your dad, who was an autoworker, died in late 2013.

You based your portrayal of Mandela partly on him. Although my dad was a simple, working-class man, he was very charismatic and always wanted to stand up for the underprivileged. Even at Ford, he became a shop steward, a union rep. I got to show my dad that film; that's the last performance he saw. There was a huge amount of satisfaction there.

How did your father react to the news that you wanted to be an actor?

He said, "Boy, think of something else." He just straight told me actors don't make money. And I was like, No, I'm gonna do it.

You left a solid career as an actor in London to struggle in New York. Did you ever fear you'd blown it?

Yeah, definitely. My agent in England didn't support it. She said, "We're just getting you work in the first place! Why do you need to go over there and be another hamburger? They already have hamburgers." And I was like, *Well, I wanna be a bigger and juicier hamburger.* So I ended up in America only to find out that I wasn't even a ham sandwich. It was tough.

You went through a rough patch in the States. Your marriage fell apart, you found yourself homeless...

Yeah, I had "the Grizzly," my Astro van. I loved it, but it wound up being the place where I had to sleep. In my personal life and my financial life, I was practically on my knees.

You were working as a DJ at that time.

I would deejay till late, jump in the van, sleep wherever I parked, get up really early, and then go on to whatever my next day was. I had people who would let me come over and have a wash. I did that for about three months. It was tough, I'm not gonna lie.

Finally you landed *The Wire*, and everything changed. But I read that you were glad that

Stringer Bell was killed off in the third season. How come? David Simon called me and said the character was coming to an end. And at first, I was definitely like, *Why?* But it was at the pinnacle of my character's popularity. In hindsight, it was absolutely the best thing for me and my career to be able to move on. It catapulted the next stage of my career into megadrive.

Have people finally stopped shouting "Stringer Bell" at you?

Oh, no, no. I deejayed in Glastonbury [in June], and as I looked up, two guys were holding this banner, and it was like: STRINGER. I don't think I'm ever gonna get away from being called Stringer Bell. Which is fine. But my name is Idris.

There's been a lot of talk about you becoming the first black actor ever to play a certain superspy, which you said was killing your chance to get the part.

If I were the Bond producers and everyone was pointing me toward one actor, what's the surprise in that? Honestly, it's one of those things that if it should happen, it would be a self-fulfilling prophecy; it would be the will of a nation.

Speaking of rumors: When a paparazzi photo of you emerged that made it

look like you were packing an English cucumber in your pants, you corrected the record and said it was a mike wire. Why not just go with it?

What am I gonna say? I'm not gonna go out there and pretend that I have a 12-foot dick. It's just not how I was raised, you know what I mean? For a minute, the rumor was great. I saw my Twitter account rise. I was like, *What is this popularity? Oh, oh, I see, it's 'cause they think I have a massive penis.* But we all had fun with it. I certainly did.

You once called women your "Kryptonite." Do you have a certain type?

Oh, man, I can't go there. I can't. Everything I say is misquoted and it just goes nutso for me. I can't talk about women.

Can we talk about your music then? I have to say I really enjoyed "Pervert," the song with the chorus that goes, "I'm a perv, I'm a pervy pervert."

[Laughs] Yeah dude, that was actually music I was making in my trailer in my downtime. I would spend hours in there making songs, thinking no one's ever gonna listen to this stuff. I'm just a guy that's in *The Wire*. But I certainly put it all out there. And now it's caught up with me, thanks to you!

For Idris Elba: No Limits, a new series for Discovery, you actually broke the British land-speed record. Is speed an addiction?

A little bit. I just like the velocity, and I guess I'm slightly addicted to the risk of it.

I'm a little worried about you. In the show, you wreck a rally car. And in another series for the BBC, you flipped a BMW! Check it out: I love to drive. And, yes, I've crashed a couple of times. I never want to tip a car over on its head again; that's not very cool. But it didn't discourage me. Every rally driver has crashed a bunch of times. At least I tried. And in fine style.

"
**wound
up sleeping
in my van.
In my personal
and financial
life, I was
practically on
my knees."**



This page: Suit,
Giorgio Armani.
Sweater, Gucci.

Opposite page:
Coat, sweater,
and pants, Boss.





O-H-S

The

A black and white photograph of a man with dark hair, seen from the side and slightly from behind. He is wearing a long, light-colored coat with a high collar. His right hand is tucked into his pocket. He is looking off to the left. The background is a soft-focus landscape, possibly a beach or coastal area.

CLASSIC CAMEL
IS FALL'S
COOLEST COLOR.
WEAR IT BY
ITSELF OR
MIXED WITH
EQUALLY
EARTHY TONES.



This page:

Suit and shirt,
John Varvatos.

**Opposite
page:**

Jacket, Brioni.
Sweater,
Marc Jacobs.

**Previous
spread:**

(Left) Coat,
Bottega Veneta.
Sweater,
Burberry Prorsum.
Pants, Gucci.
Shoes (worn
throughout), Salvatore
Ferragamo.
(Right) Coat,
Emporio Armani.





This page:
Coat, shirt, and
pants, Prada.

**Opposite
page:**
Coat, BOSS.
Sweater, Versace.
Pants, Carven,
available at
Bloomingdale's.







This page:
Coat and pants,
Versace.

Opposite
page: Coat,
Salvatore
Ferragamo.



GROOMER, MICHAEL JONES (KASTEELE AGENT) USING MOROCCAN OIL HAIR; MODEL, SEBASTIEN ANDRIEU/SUCCESS MODELS



This page:
Coat,
sweater,
and pants,
Fendi.

**Opposite
page:** Coat,
Lacoste.
Sweater,
Marc Jacobs.

Big 8

MARIJUANA IS A \$40 BILLION INDUSTRY—AND THE GUYS GEARING UP TO TURN GANJA INTO THE NEXT McDONALD'S DON'T EVEN SMOKE THE STUFF. IS THE CULTURE OF WEED ABOUT TO GO UP IN SMOKE, OR ARE WE JUST PARANOID?

By Chris Kornelis

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KAMIL BIALOUS



Pot

W

OULD YOU LIKE SOME ALIEN

Asshat? It's \$42 for two grams, or \$11 for a half-gram pre-rolled joint, on the menu at a tidy little pot shop called the Seattle Cannabis Company. Also available: Super Silver Goo, Snoop's Dream, Grand Daddy Purple, and White Widow. There's a pot named God and another named Jesus. There's also Juicy Fruit and Girl Scout Cookies, varieties made by two different growers, presumably battling it out to see who can get sued first.

This is the fantasy realized by Washington State's new law, and it looks and feels exactly like pot lovers dreamed it would. An establishment like this is born of pot culture—as if your neighborhood dealer just put on a nicer shirt. But across town, a different vision of pot is taking shape. “This is a mainstream product consumed by mainstream Americans, and they’re just looking for mainstream brands that don’t insult or offend them,” says the man leading the charge, from the comfort of his conference room. “Not every name has to have ‘cana’ in it, or ‘green,’ or ‘Mary Jane.’”

You can imagine what he thinks of Alien Asshat.

Meet Brendan Kennedy, CEO of the private equity firm Privateer Holdings. He arrives at our meeting carrying a bowl of nuts. He’s been up with his nine-month-old daughter since dawn. He is, like seemingly everyone else at Privateer, an exercise enthusiast. He has completed six Ironman competitions and generally comes across as someone who isn’t frivolous about what he puts into his body. Pot? “It’s not a part of my life,” he says in his soft, deliberate manner. “I’m more of a have-a-beer-on-a-Friday-night guy than a cannabis guy.”

But more than anything, Kennedy is a big-money guy. This spring, he closed a \$75 million round of funding to continue building his massive, game-

changing marijuana company—including the first-ever backing raised from institutional investors, a very big deal in what wonks call an “emerging market.” He is turning pot into a legit investment, because he sees a fortune to be made when control of a \$40 billion industry moves from those who are passionate about smoking pot to those who are passionate about making money. And to accomplish this, he intends to do away with pot as you know it. No more cliché names. No more Baggies. No 4/20 jokes. He envisions beautiful packaging and branding and logos. He wants to build the Budweiser of bud, the Wheaties of weed, the McDonald’s of Mary Jane—products that are “the big, bright, shiny brands that people can point to and say, ‘That’s what the end of prohibition looks like,’” he says.

Kennedy’s words are carefully chosen:

Mainstream product.

Prohibition.

Cannabis. Never pot. Latin.

He knows the language matters; as in politics, whoever controls the words controls the debate. He even hired Heckler Associates to work with him. You may be familiar with Heckler’s work: It’s the branding firm that named Starbucks.

Kennedy’s vision represents the logical endpoint of legalization. It was never going to be just a stoner’s paradise. America doesn’t play like that. America seizes a market opportunity and goes for broke. And maybe that sounds heretical—another subculture exploited, another real thing co-opted—but Kennedy has an argument for the stoners, too: “We think that the right professional brands and the right companies in this industry can be as effective as any activist,” he says. “The right brands can fuel change.”

Translated out of corporate-speak, he’s saying that once pot grows into a gigantic business, it can do what gigantic businesses do in America: influence politics. That means Big Pot could bring about “the end

of prohibition” far faster than a grassroots movement. For once, the Man just might be the stoner’s best friend.

Privateer Holdings CEO Brendan

Kennedy is not a pot user,

but he’s about to change the industry.

Photographed here at Marley

Natural headquarters in Manhattan.

Opposite page: Tilray’s flowering room in its highly secure R&D facility in Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island.



In 2010, Kennedy was a straightforward money guy. He worked in valuations at SVB Analytics, an affiliate of Silicon Valley Bank. One day he turned down a potential client in the medical-marijuana industry out of concern about associating with the drug. But a few days later, he heard a report on public radio about Proposition 19, an initiative that would have legalized certain marijuana-related activities in California. (It later failed.) He called an old business-school classmate who worked in private equity and told him to quit his job. When pot became legal, someone would make a fortune. He wanted it to be them.

When Kennedy started to pitch potential investors, many were worried about the same risks that he once was. Hedge fund managers were willing to invest their personal money, not the fund’s money, and only in secret. But slowly, pot began to shed its stigma. The stock market now has pot-themed ticker symbols like MJNA (Medical Marijuana, Inc.), PHOT (GrowLife, Inc.), and



HEMP (Hemp, Inc.). The publicly traded GW Pharmaceuticals is testing drugs based on compounds found in cannabis; its stock more than doubled in the past year. The medical-marijuana delivery app Eaze, which is angling to become the Uber of pot, with Snoop Dogg's Casa Verde Capital as an investor, closed a \$10 million funding round this spring. Management and consulting firms are popping up in states where pot is legal (23 plus the District of Columbia now allow medical uses, and recreational pot is legal in Colorado, Oregon, Washington, and Alaska). Viridian Capital & Research reported that its Cannabis Index, a fund invested solely in pot-related companies, gained 38.4 percent last year—better than the Nasdaq or S&P 500.

And this past January, Kennedy made the biggest news of all, announcing a multimillion-dollar investment from Founders Fund, the venture capital firm created by PayPal cofounder Peter Thiel, known for early investments in the likes of Airbnb, SpaceX, and Spotify. This was a game changer—the first huge, institutional firm to proudly put its name on an investment in pot. “The big question for us was, Would there be an opportunity to build a multibillion-dollar, mass-scale company that could really help to drive the end of prohibition and also build a huge business?” explains Founders Fund partner Geoff Lewis, who led the investment. “Because we do think the end of prohibition will be a social good.

It was never just going to be a stoner's paradise. America doesn't play like that.

For all our investments, we want to believe we're going to help improve the world in some way.”

That's big talk. But Kennedy is building the kind of company to back it up. Privateer is structured as a holding company; what it does is launch or acquire other businesses, all related to pot, and then connect them in symbiotic ways. Today, Privateer has three such arms.

The first is called Leafly. It's been called the Yelp of pot and is a site for smokers to peruse reviews on specific strains, find nearby retail shops, and even search for varieties based on intended goals. (Want to “conquer social anxiety”? Leafly lists 50 strains for the job.) But behind the scenes, Leafly is actually Privateer's data mine, helping it to build the most sophisticated, granular understanding of cannabis consumer desires in existence. If lots of people in Denver search for a specific type of marijuana, say, Privateer can use that information to make better production, distribution, and marketing decisions. And Leafly cofounder Cy Scott says that smokers' desires have been changing rapidly. The company has also seen a spike in users identifying as vapers, rather than smokers, and there's been a notable uptick in interest in edibles.

Privateer will use all that data to launch an actual pot brand, called Marley Natural, which will go on sale later this year. The company has yet to reveal what its packaging will look like, but Kennedy promises something polished and professional—the kind of thing that wouldn't look out of place on the shelves of 7-Eleven. (Despite Kennedy's dismissal of pot culture, he does pander at least this once: Yes, the “Marley” in question here is Bob Marley; the late singer's estate has signed on to the brand. And it will be going up against the competing Willie's Reserve, a celebrity brand launched by Willie Nelson.) As tastes evolve and are flagged by Leafly, Marley will respond with new products.

In states where pot isn't legal, the company will sell accessories, such as pipes and containers, and topicals, i.e., cannabis- or hemp-infused



lotions and creams. That way, consumers will be introduced to the brand even though they can't gain access to its main product.

As to where this product will come from, that's the job of Privateer's third company, which has spent \$30 million renovating a facility in Nanaimo, a tiny city on Vancouver Island. To reach it from Privateer's Seattle headquarters, you can drive three hours north to Vancouver and take a two-hour ferry ride, or catch a one-hour flight on a small commercial airline that operates nine-seaters. Privateer opts for the latter. They have a tab with the airline, and executives are on a first-name basis with the pilot. They've reserved me a seat.

We're going to see the pot.

NANAIMO IS BEAUTIFUL: lush, green, and heavily forested. We arrive on the kind of sunny Northwest morning that residents spend the whole year pining for, and drive to a facility that looks like any other building in any other industrial park. This is the stoner's Fort Knox. There are 40,000 marijuana plants inside, worth more than \$30 million. There's a gate and barbed wire around the exterior, and a security checkpoint. Employees and visitors must wear hard-toed shoes and scan their lanyards in and out of every room. Before any plant product is discarded, it is soaked with water and covered in cat litter—lest someone outside go digging through the trash. Inside, it smells like a college party.

Welcome to Tilray, officially Privateer's medical-marijuana growing facility, built in accordance with Canada's more pot-friendly laws. Tilray does sell marijuana in Canada, under its brand name. But the ambitions here are far larger: While the federal ban is in effect in the United States, Privateer is using Tilray as its staging ground. Employees travel the world to research new strains, then study them here, where the company learns how to get the most potency out of each plant, optimizes the growing and drying processes, and prepares to pounce on legal opportunities as they emerge around the world. (It declines to comment on whether it's developing its own strains.)

Half of the growing rooms replicate A.M., half P.M., so that three shifts of workers can keep the operation humming 24 hours a day. Employees and visitors must change into fresh, disposable, full-body suits, booties, and hairnets every time they enter a room with plants. There's not a stoner in sight. Inside one of the growing rooms, Nolan Vollmer, a veteran of the war in Afghanistan, hacks down large plants of the Barbara Bud. Adam Varga, a business student at Vancouver Island University who's considering switching majors to horticulture, is standing by a nearby scale. Looking on is Josh Eades, Tilray's tall, soft-spoken, be-spectacled chief science officer, who claims to have never tried his own product. Technically speaking, because he's not a medical-marijuana patient, it would be illegal to do so. When I suggest that it sounds a lot like a winemaker who hasn't tasted his own chardonnay, Tilray CEO Greg Engel reminds me that they're making medicine.

"If you were working at a pharmaceutical company," he says, "you



Tilray's lab, where cannabis is tested for microbials, mold, and a host of other potential contaminants—something your old pot dealer, who needed to move product regardless of quality control, likely never did.

Opposite page: A worker inside the company's flowering room.

on its way to becoming the region's biggest private-sector employer.

"They've got all these great names," McKay says with a laugh, referring to the silly pot names that Kennedy is targeting for extinction. "I'm waiting for a Nanaimo Gold."

THAT'S NOT Big Pot's only way of appealing to a mainstream audience. With Tilray's funding, researchers at the University of British Columbia are currently studying whether marijuana helps veterans, first responders, and sexual assault victims deal with post-traumatic stress disorder. "Our investors are looking for a financial return," Kennedy says, "but they're also looking for a social return measured by ending the harms caused by prohibition."

Back in Seattle, newly legal dealers are eager to take up pot's talking points. "We don't want people getting shit-faced every night," says Josh Berman, owner of the PDA Lounge, a onetime bar that's now a medical-marijuana dispensary. "We would like it if we could smoke a little weed and live a balanced, productive life. Big money's going to help push that."

Berman heads out the back door of his shop, where there's an enclosed deck for customers to sample his products. It's 10:30 A.M., and managing partner Benito Ybarra is putting cream cheese on a bagel and smoking a joint. "Kosher Kush. It was blessed by a rabbi," he says. "You guys might want to at least taste it."

"I might have to," Berman says, taking a hit.

Across town, Kennedy may one day own a major portion of Berman's supply chain. With Leafly, he will be busy turning smokers into easily commodified data points. But still, two guys hanging out way before noon, enjoying a spliff without fear? Big Pot approves—after all, these guys represent an emerging market that's ripe for exploitation. Some prefer doobies, others dollars. But whatever their chosen high, it's all about the green. ■

wouldn't be sampling your blood pressure medication."

True, but pharmaceutical companies aren't typically developing new drugs for the day they become available at your local bodega. Privateer doesn't want to just fill prescriptions; the real prize is folks who just want to get high.

Engel sticks to the party line, though. There's a lot at stake here. Tilray is eager to grow: As legalization sweeps the country and the world, Tilray will open new facilities in friendly localities. It's critically important that everyone maintain the image of professionals working on a mainstream product. No city wants a stoner Fort Knox. But every city wants job-creating agriculture.

And Tilray will have an important business evangelist on its side: a politician, Bill McKay, the mayor of Nanaimo, who is evidence of the power of Big Pot's potential. Before Tilray moved in, the little island city was suffering from a slowdown in its timber industry and known only for a locally made chocolate wafer snack called a Nanaimo Bar. Tilray created hundreds of jobs. In April, McKay and his town's economic-development team held a press conference to announce that Tilray had pumped \$48 million into the local and British Columbia economies and was

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FALL FASHION PREVIEW



- I ENTER SANDMAN
- II LOOSEN UP
- III EAZY DOES IT

I ENTER SANDMAN

STAKE OUT NEW STYLE TERRITORY WITH
THE SEASON'S STANDOUT COATS.

photographed by ANUSCHKA BLOMMERS & NIELS SCHUMM
styled by WAYNE GROSS



This page:
Jacket, pants,
and shoes,
Calvin Klein.

Opposite
page: Coat and
pants, Burberry
Prorsum.

Previous
page: Coat,
suit, and shirt,
Versace.







This page:
Coat, jacket,
shirt, tie, and pants,
Ermenegildo
Zegna Couture.

Opposite
page: Jacket,
sweater, shirt,
and pants,
Canali. Shoes,
Dsquared².



This page:

Coat, shirt,
pants, and
shoes, Prada.

Opposite

page: Jacket,
shirt, T-shirt,
pants, and shoes,
Dsquared².



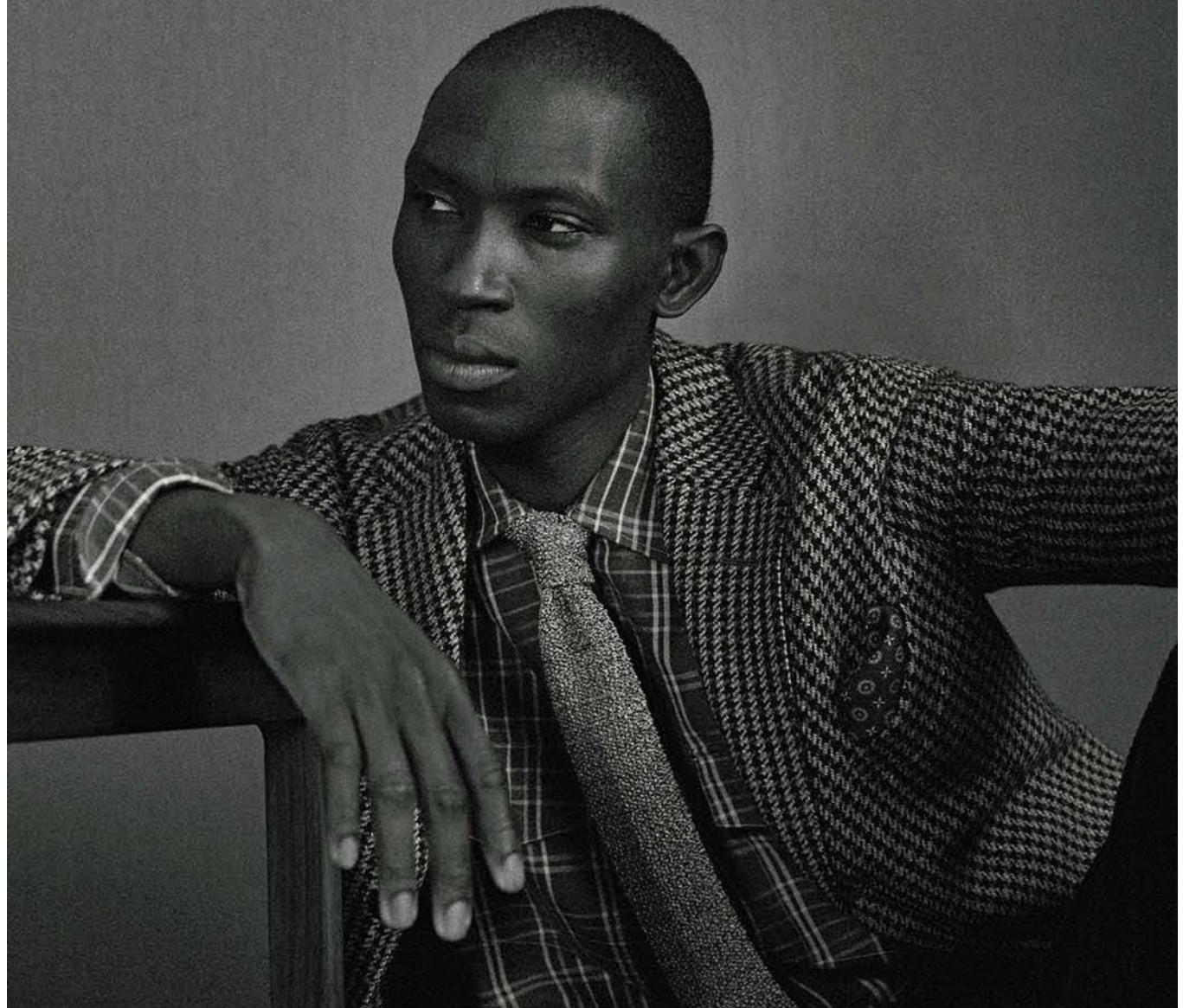


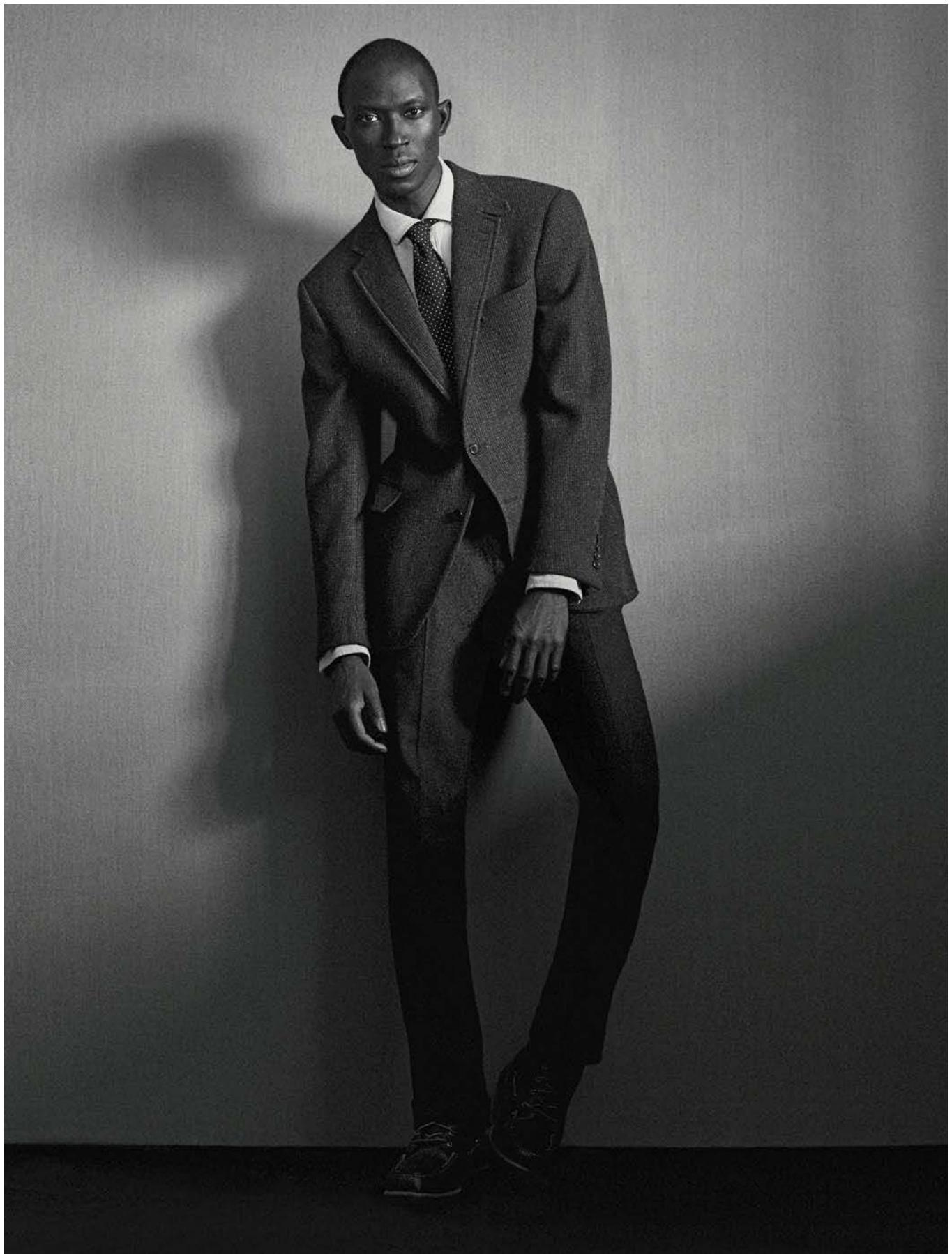
LOOSEN UP

WITH FALL'S NEWLY RELAXED CUTS, TRADITIONAL
TWEEDS AND PLAIDS GET A STYLISH
UPGRADE BEFITTING A MODERN GENTLEMAN.

photographed by THOMAS GOLDBLUM

styled by WAYNE GROSS





This page:

Jacket and pants,
Tommy Hilfiger.
Shirt, Dunhill.
Shoes, Sperry.
Watch, Timex.

Opposite

page: Jacket,
shirt, pants, and
tie, Polo Ralph
Lauren. Shoes,
Louis Vuitton.

Previous

spread:

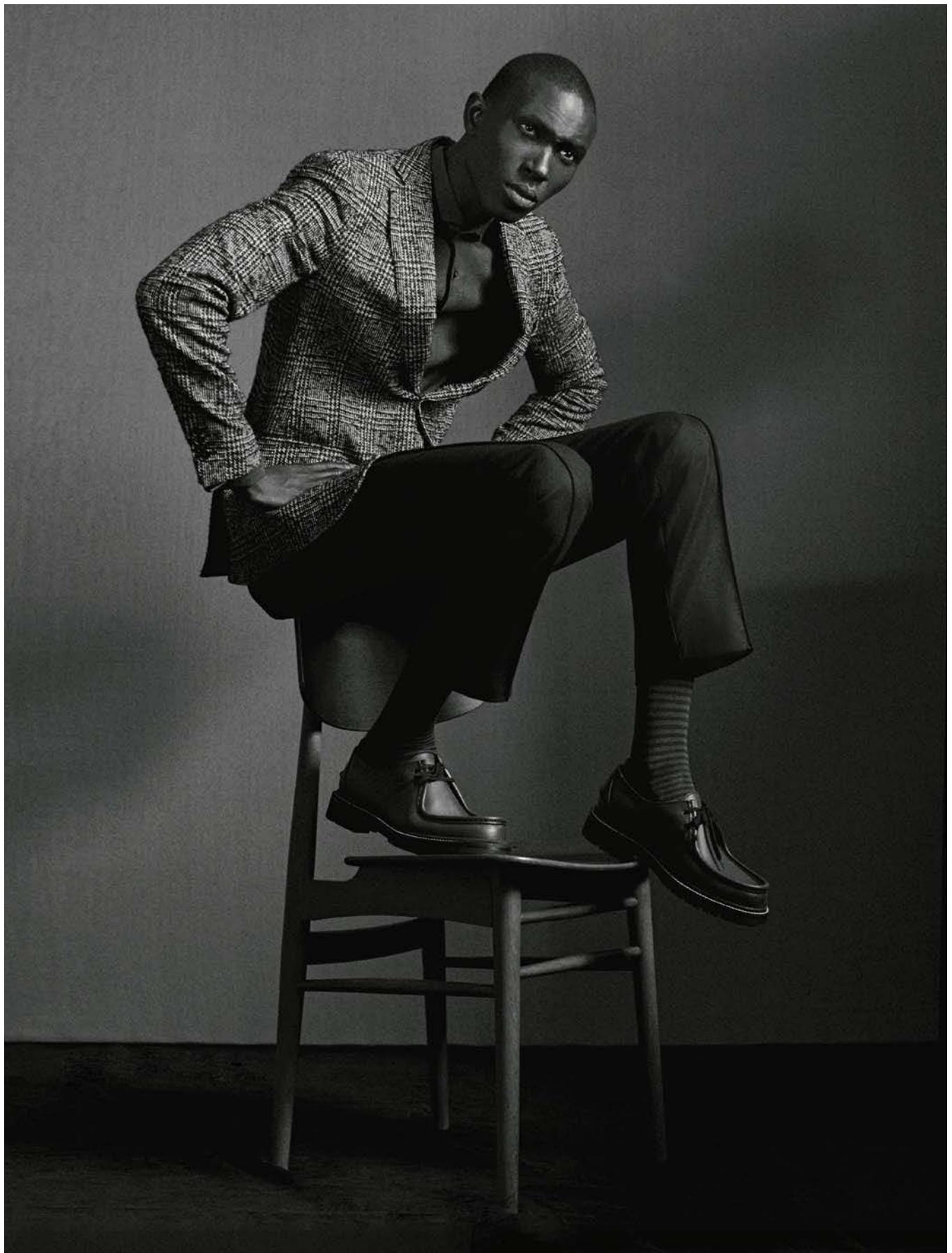
(Left) Suit and
sweater, Ermenegildo
Zegna Couture.
Socks, Falke.
Shoes, Louis Vuitton.
Watch, TAG
Heuer. (Right)
Jacket, shirt,
and tie, Dunhill.

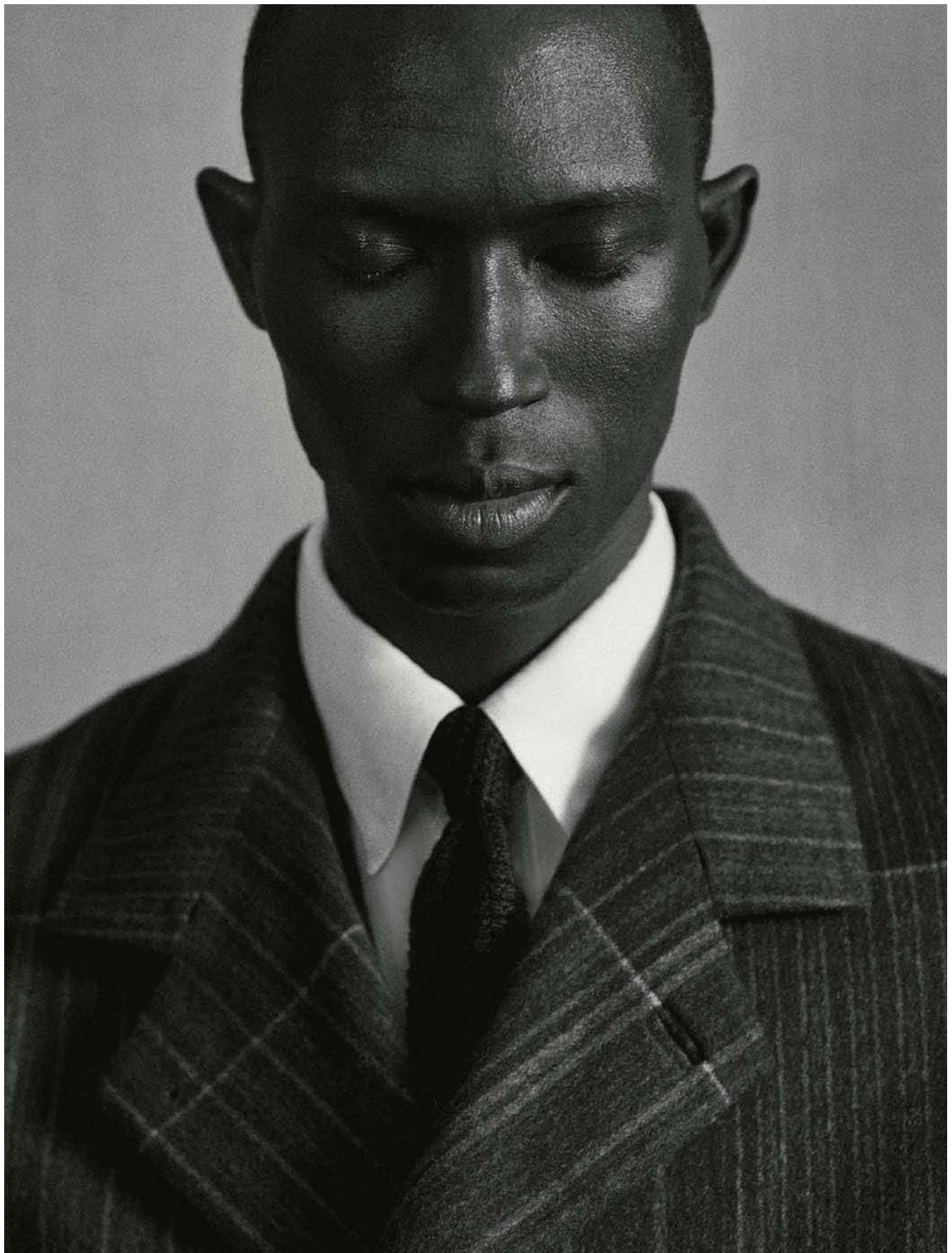




This page:
Suit, sweater,
and shirt,
Salvatore
Ferragamo.

**Opposite
page:** Suit
and shirt, BOSS.
Socks, Falke.
Shoes, Louis
Vuitton.





GROOMER, MANN NANCE FOR KENBARBOZA.COM; PROP STYLIST, LINDA KEIL; MODEL, ARMANDO CABRAL AT WILHELMINA

This page:

Jacket, shirt, and pants, Giorgio Armani. Shoes, Marc Jacobs. Watch, Longine.

Opposite

page: Jacket and shirt, Louis Vuitton. Tie, the Tie Bar.



III EAZY DOES IT

BREAKOUT BAY AREA
RAPPER G-EAZY
STAYS SHARP IN CLEAN,
ANGULAR STYLES.

photographed by AZIM HAIDARYAN

styled by WAYNE GROSS





W

HEN G-EAZY CAME onto the scene a few years back, hip-hop fans figured him for a novelty act.

Here was this insanely handsome white dude from Oakland, California, shouting out Bill Murray and making rap songs that sampled old doo-wop tunes. But now that G-Eazy has become one of the fastest-rising acts in the country, nobody's laughing anymore.

Not only is G-Eazy being taken seriously, but the underground Bay Area hip-hop scene he came from has also gone mainstream. (G-Eazy's area peer Lil B may well have propelled the Golden State Warriors to an NBA championship by famously putting a "curse" on the Cleveland Cavaliers.)

"The energy in the Bay Area is crazy right now," Eazy says. "People are really excited. We've always been proud of our culture, of our sound, and we've always had a chip on our shoulder."

G-Eazy's breakout single, "I Mean It," was further proof of how serious the once-flippant rapper had become. He doesn't want to be just another one-hit wonder; G-Eazy aspires to make music that stands the test of time.

"I create stories and feelings that won't go out of style," he says. "They will always be around and relatable. As an artist, I can't let myself be restricted by a fad—I always strive to be timely."





Above:

Sweater and
pants, Diesel
Black Gold.
Watch, Rolex.

Right:

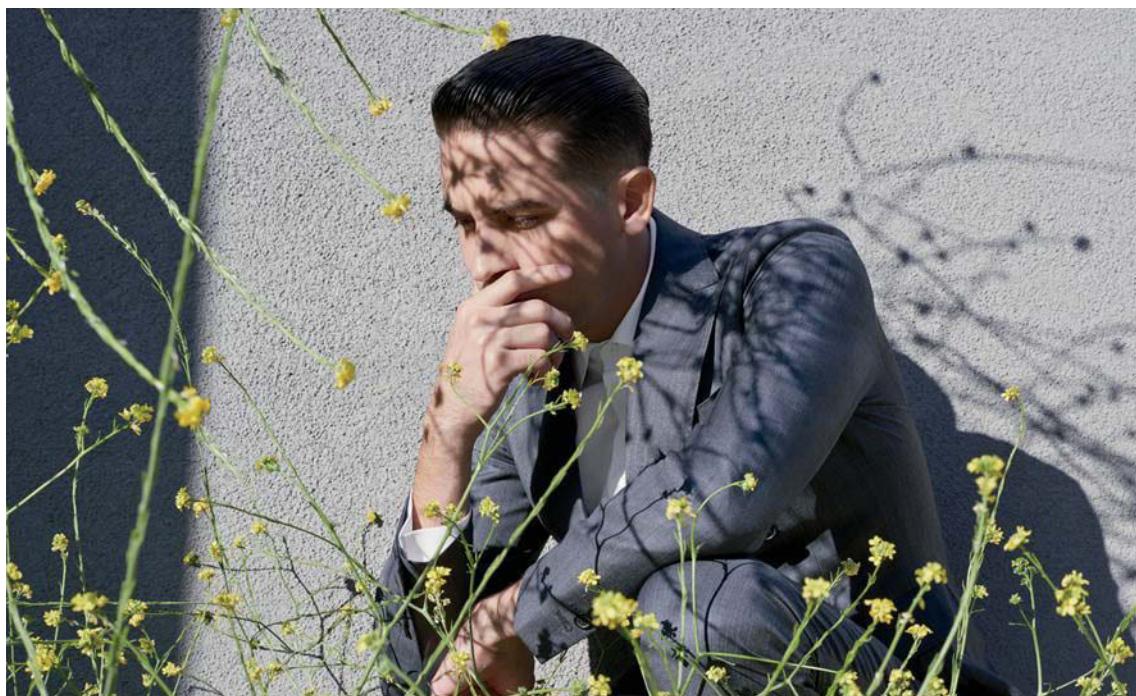
Suit and shirt,
Dsquared².

**Opposite
page:**

Coat, shirt,
and pants, Dolce
& Gabbana.
Shoes, Prada.

Previous

spread:
Sweater,
Michael Kors.





Left:
Jacket, shirt,
and pants,
Prada. Shoes,
Dior Homme.

Below:
Coat, shirt,
pants, and shoes,
Dior Homme.

**Opposite
page:**
Suit and
shirt, Philipp
Plein.







GROOMER: SYDNEY ZIBRAK/THE WALL GROUP
FOR LA MER; HAIR: NICK "WENDALL J" SHAFFER



Above:

Suit and shirt,
Gucci.

Right:

Jacket, Louis
Vuitton.

**Opposite
page:**

Suit and sweater,
Calvin Klein
Collection.
Shoes, Emporio
Armani.



WHERE TO BUY

I ENTER SANDMAN

Page A1: Coat, \$3,975, suit, and shirt, prices upon request, Versace; select Versace boutiques.

Page A2: Jacket, \$2,395, and pants, \$895, Burberry Prorsum; burberry.com.

Page A3: Jacket, \$1,375, sweater, \$750, pants, \$495, and shoes, \$950, Calvin Klein Collection; calvinklein.com/collection.

Page A4: Jacket, \$2,630, sweater, \$900, shirt, \$370, and pants, \$710, Canali; Canali retail locations. Shoes, \$1,350, Dsquared²; select Dsquared² stores.

Page A5: Jacket, \$4,195, suit, \$4,995, and shirt, \$1,550, Ermegildo Zegna; select Ermegildo Zegna Couture boutiques.

Page A6: Jacket, \$5,355, shirt, \$595, T-shirt, \$215, pants, \$595, and shoes, \$1,350, Dsquared²; select Dsquared² stores.

II LOSEN UP

Page B1: Suit, \$7,450, and sweater, \$1,150, Ermegildo Zegna Couture; select Ermegildo Zegna boutiques. Socks, price upon request, Falke; falke.com. Shoes, \$925, Louis Vuitton; select Louis Vuitton stores. Watch, \$2,400, TAG Heuer; TAG Heuer 5th Avenue boutique, NYC.

Page B2: Jacket, \$2,200, shirt, \$510, pocket square, \$90, and tie, \$150, Dunhill; dunhill.com.

Page B3: Jacket, \$895, shirt, \$125, tie, \$125, and pants, \$895, Polo Ralph Lauren; select Ralph Lauren stores and ralphlauren.com. Shoes, \$925, Louis Vuitton; select Louis Vuitton stores.

Page B4: Jacket, \$375, and pants, \$150, Tommy Hilfiger; Tommy Hilfiger NYC stores. Shirt, \$510, Dunhill; dunhill.com. Shoes, \$155, Sperry; sperry.com. Watch, \$120, Timex; timex.com.

Page B5: Suit, \$3,200, sweater, \$1,730, and shirt, \$570, Salvatore Ferragamo; Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide.

Page B6: Suit, \$1,020, and shirt, \$235, Boss; hugoboss.com. Socks, price upon request, Falke; falke.com. Shoes, \$925, Louis Vuitton; select Louis Vuitton stores.

Page B7: Jacket, \$2,900, and shirt, \$670, Louis Vuitton; select Louis Vuitton stores. Tie, \$25, The Tie Bar; thetiebar.com.

Page B8: Jacket, \$5,795, shirt, \$1,225, and pants, \$1,125, Giorgio Armani; Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide. Shoes, \$865, Marc Jacobs; marcjacobs.com. Watch, price upon request, Longines; longines.com.

III EAZY DOES IT

Page C1: Sweater, \$395, Michael Kors; Michael Kors, 520 Broadway, NYC.

Page C2: Coat, \$3,595, shirt,

\$395, and pants, \$745, Dolce & Gabbana; select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques. Shoes, price upon request, Prada; select Prada boutiques or prada.com.

Page C4: Sweater, \$495, and pants, \$450, Diesel Black Gold; dieselblackgold.com.

Watch, price upon request, Rolex; rolex.com. Suit, \$2,190, and shirt, \$480, Dsquared²; select Dsquared² stores.

Page C5: Jacket, \$3,770, shirt, \$610, and pants, \$570, Prada; select Prada boutiques or prada.com. Shoes, \$1,200, Dior Homme; Dior Homme stores. Coat, \$3,100, shirt, \$600, pants, \$800, and shoes, \$1,200, Dior Homme; Dior Homme stores.

Page C6: Blazer, \$1,700, shirt, \$583, and pants, \$783, Philipp Plein; Philipp Plein New York or philipp-plein.com.

Page C7: Suit, \$1,550, and sweater, \$750, Calvin Klein Collection; calvinklein.com/collection. Shoes, \$475, Emporio Armani; Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide.

Page C8: Suit, \$2,990, and shirt, \$395, Gucci; select Gucci stores. Jacket, \$5,500, Louis Vuitton; select Louis Vuitton stores.

PROMOTION

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WOMEN | STYLE | CARS | TECH | ENTERTAINMENT | MAXIM MAN | MAXIM TV

Kicking
back with
**NATASHA LIU
BORDIZZO**,
the neophyte
star of
*Crouching
Tiger, Hidden
Dragon:
The Green
Legend.*

**By Adam
Laukhuf**



KNOCK





AT FIRST GLANCE, Natasha Liu Bordizzo might not register high on anyone's list of credible threats. But underestimate this Australian-Chinese, 119-pound powerhouse at your peril. In addition to those disarmingly ethereal features, the Sydney native has a black belt in tae kwon do.

Snapping your head back with a roundhouse kick is not her only talent, however. Last year, she was a 19-year-old college freshman with "absolutely no acting experience" when she showed up for an open-call audition for *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon: The Green Legend*. The revered martial-arts choreographer and director Yuen Woo-ping, who also worked on the original film, had been conducting a worldwide search for the perfect candidate to play Snow Vase, one of the sequel's principal characters. After meeting Bordizzo, he stopped looking.

"It was like I'd hit the lottery," she says. "Everything happened so quickly, I had no idea what was going on." One week after that audition, Bordizzo quit school and showed up on set in New Zealand to star in her very first feature film. She didn't even have head shots. As every actor everywhere will tell you, with seething resentment, this kind of thing just does not happen.

Bordizzo reported to the on-set dojo every day and night for a month to train intensely in Wudang sword fighting, part of the elegant *Crouching Tiger*-style Chinese martial-arts genre known as wuxia, which involves insane feats of choreography. "It's like dancing, almost," she says. "But that grace can't be faked. It's only when you've twirled that sword a million times with your wrist and elbows that you even start to get it."

She was just six years old in 2000, when Ang Lee's original film was released and went on to become the highest-grossing foreign-language movie in U.S. history. (The sequel is in English.) "I actually watched it for the first time right before filming," Bordizzo admits.

When the film premieres on Netflix to 62 million worldwide subscribers early next year, things are going to change in a big way for Bordizzo, who turns 21 this month. In the meantime, she's living with her parents and working on mastering kenpo, a form of Chinese hand combat she says looks a lot better on film than tae kwon do, which, she's decided, "is not very feminine." As far as activities go, she enjoys lots of regular girl stuff like horseback riding, figure skating, and posting thousands of pictures to Instagram, but when it comes to her personal style, she embraces her inner tomboy. "I dress like an angry teen boy," she says, laughing.

"I think of myself as such a dorky person that the thought of me being sexy is hilarious," she adds. "My friends and I were just talking about how funny it is that my first magazine shoot was for *Maxim*, of all things. Like, me? Sexy?"



This page: Bikini, Iya Australia. Shirt, H&M. Necklace, Cartier.

Previous spread:

(Left) Shirt, Armor-Lux Breton. Bra, American Apparel. Briefs, Hanro. Necklace, Cartier. (Right) Hat, stylist's own.



This page: Top,
stylist's own. Briefs,
Wolford. Socks,
Purl Harbour.
Necklace, Cartier.

Opposite page:
Swimsuit, Eres.

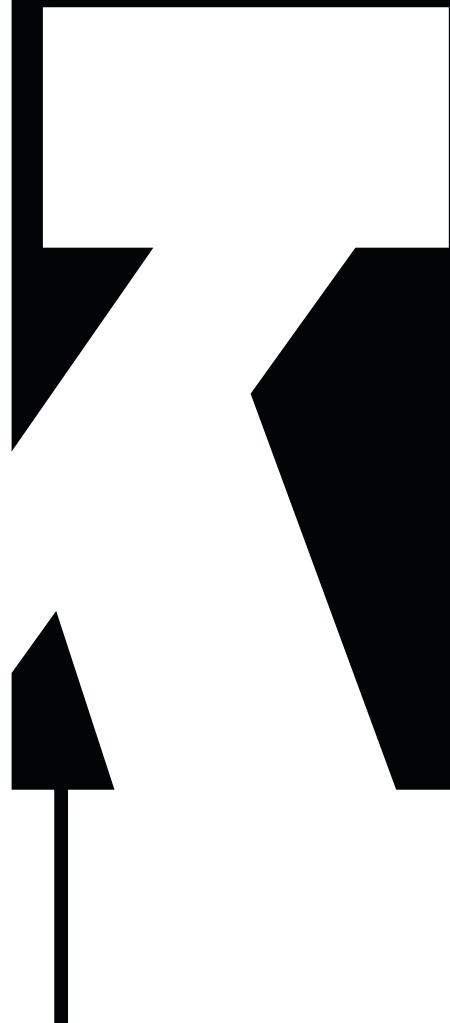
I think of myself as such a dorky person that the thought of me being sexy is hilarious."



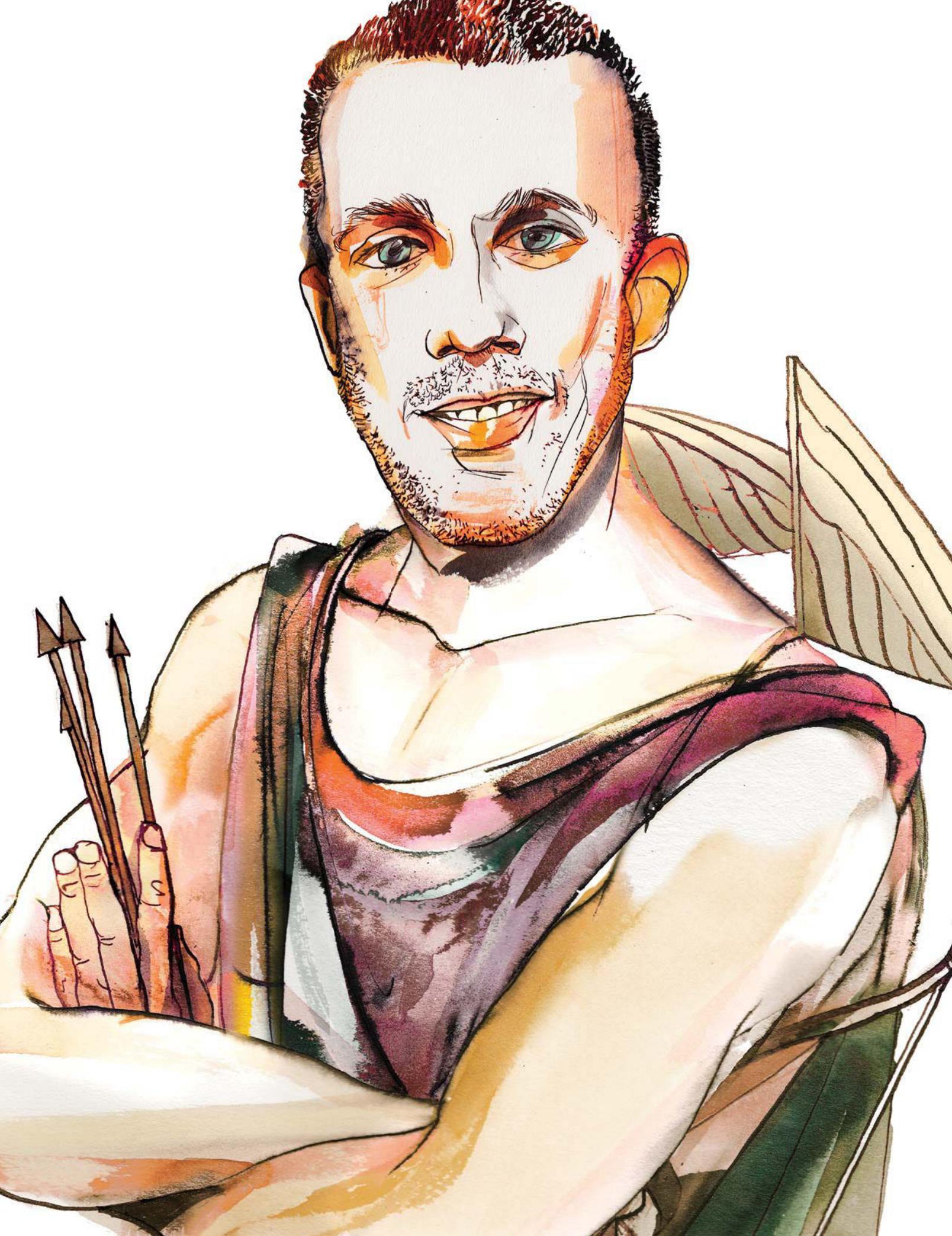


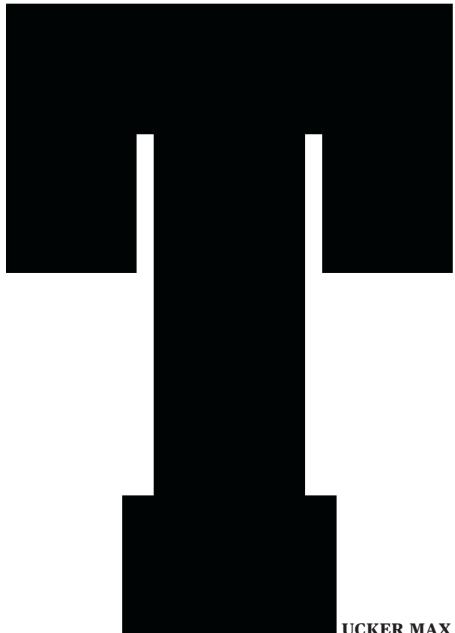
ONCE THE MOST HATED
MAN ON THE INTERNET, FORMER
“DICK LIT” DOUCHE LORD
TUCKER MAX HAS REBRANDED
HIMSELF AS A SELF-HELP
GURU TEACHING MEN HOW
TO FALL IN LOVE AND
BE HAPPY. ARE WE READY TO
TAKE HIM SERIOUSLY?

By Michelle Ruiz



Cupid?





TUCKER MAX IS SITTING BAREFOOT

in the podcast studio of his glass penthouse overlooking downtown Austin—and he's about to lose his shit.

Max is taping an episode of his podcast, *Mating Grounds*, a sort of modern-day *Loveline* that dispenses dating advice to Max's bro-centric fan base, and his 26-year-old producer, Joe Antenucci, has just admitted that he doesn't want to commit to the woman he's been seeing for two months, even though, Antenucci says, that's what she "probably deserves."

"Dude," Max growls. "You're very presumptive and paternalistic. Don't tell her what she wants or *deserves*. It's this weird sexism, guys who think, *I'm a nice guy*, but actually they're sexist because they think, *I have to be responsible for everything this woman thinks and feels*."

Max goes on, working himself up: "You haven't even considered asking her what *she* wants from the relationship! As long as you're honest and respectful and she knows what direction you're going, then *she* can make a decision about the relationship based on *accurate information*."

Meet the brand-new, more enlightened, far less revolting Tucker Max.

Nearly a decade after his wildly controversial 2006 best-seller, *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell*, which established Max as an Internet-reviled "dick lit" kingpin, who sold an estimated three million books inspired by tequila-fueled hookups and the notion that women are "hardwired for whoredom," he has recast himself as a sensitive love guru for the self-aware millennial man. Max's dramatic rebranding began with his podcast, which has logged more than two million downloads since it launched last August. And he aims to cement his new status with *Mate: Become the Man Women Want*, a dating manifesto about "how to be a man you can be proud of," cowritten with Geoffrey Miller, Ph.D., an evolutionary psychologist at the University of New Mexico.

You're probably wondering if Max's unlikely transformation from unrepentant cad to would-be Dr. Drew is truly legit. After all, this is the same author who eagerly courted a reputation as a ragingly misogynist, "horrible piece of garbage," as he was memorably described by Gawker, thanks to his series of sex-and-booze-soaked frat-house bibles, *Assholes Finish First*, *Sloppy Seconds*, *Hilarity Ensues*, and *Belligerence and Debauchery*.

Max used to enjoy being portrayed as a villain. In a publicity stunt to build buzz for the 2009 movie version of *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell*, he gleefully incited protests at college speaking engagements, hiring PR strategist Ryan Holiday to e-mail college women's groups outraged denunciations of Max and his books (sometimes even pretending to be a concerned female student). The guerrilla marketing ploy worked, sparking anti-Max demonstrations and bringing the press coverage he desperately craved. (Max later offered to donate \$500,000 to Texas Planned

Parenthood, but only if they named a clinic after him. They declined.)

At 39, Max now claims to have put all that behind him. For one thing, he's a married man—his wife, Veronica, is a nurse practitioner and former CrossFit Games competitor—and the loving father of a 10-month-old son, Bishop.

As for the debauchery of his twenties (and most of his thirties), he says that history is precisely what qualifies him to be a dating expert.

"I had to fail thousands of times before I figured out what I was doing wrong," Max tells me, sitting on a sectional couch in the living room of the family's penthouse apartment, beside Max's standing desk and Bishop's blocks. "What Dr. Miller and I wanted to do was write a book so that guys wouldn't have to fail so much to figure it out."

Mate is surprisingly earnest, advising men to "get your head straight," read books, and work out—both to become more attractive to women and to build self-confidence—as well as shower regularly and clip their toenails. (Max's feet are no stranger to a pedicure chair, by my reckoning.) It sounds simple, but week after week, hapless callers to his podcast demonstrate that "guys have no fucking clue," Max says.

Worse, he tells me, "the narrative in our culture is 'How do I get girls?' It automatically starts off with guys objectifying women instead of relating to women." For this reason, Max devotes an entire chapter in *Mate* to the female perspective. In an effort to help men understand why women feel anxious and vulnerable about sexual harassment, stalking, and date rape, for instance, he asks the reader to imagine himself as a gay man walking into a bar filled with NFL linebackers. "They are all bigger, faster, stronger, and hornier than you," he writes. "This is the world of sex and dating for women."

It's all pretty rich coming from a guy who once charmed an aspiring model over a romantic dinner of stone-crab claws washed down with a \$110 bottle of merlot, then had his buddy hide in a closet and film them having anal sex without informing her she was on camera. "She thought we were dating," he wrote in *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell*. "I knew better, but she was way too hot to bother correcting her assumption."

Here's where Max's reinvention gets tricky. The mega-douchery inherent in his infamous, blog-baiting prime is still out there, readily accessible. "You could literally pull 100 more quotes out of my books that are in some kind of conflict with what I tell guys in *Mate*," he says. "But those stories are why guys will listen to the advice—they know I'm not trying to tell them that I'm perfect. I have done all kinds of messed-up stuff, and I am honest about it and have learned from it."

Max's journey from self-proclaimed "raging dickhead" to relationship guru originated three years ago at a Thanksgiving dinner, during which his friend and future coauthor Miller was chatting with a few college cousins. They told the psychologist that they'd been mining the Max canon for dating advice. When Miller told him, "I was mortified," Max says. But he also saw an opportunity to write a book that could steer young men in the right direction.

"I can remember what it was like to be totally lost and totally frustrated and totally sad and alone and not understand how to move forward," Max says. "And I can help a lot of guys solve that problem."

It may not come as much of a surprise, but Max's toxic bachelor persona masked deep-seated emotional issues. For the past four years, until just a few months ago, Max saw a psychoanalyst four times a week. "I got to the point in my life where I had everything

"
If I wanted to keep selling books about sleeping with girls and drinking and acting like an idiot, I absolutely could."



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I thought I wanted,” he recalls. “But I was missing something.”

Max’s parents divorced when he was a toddler, and he spent his childhood bouncing between his single mom, a flight attendant who lived outside Lexington, Kentucky, and his father, a successful South Florida restaurateur. His parents didn’t mistreat him, he says. “They were just terrible at being parents. They didn’t really pay a lot of attention, and they weren’t really loving or supportive.”

There was a time, after Max was fired from his job as a summer associate at high-powered Silicon Valley firm Fenwick & West, while attending Duke Law School, but before he managed to turn the raunchy tales he posted on his personal website into his first book, when “I couldn’t fucking feed myself,” he recalls. Occasionally, women he dated would take pity on him and bring him takeout.

Max certainly has regrets (among them, that ugly sex-tape incident). Then again, he says, “Who’s such a fucking saint that they’ve never done shit that they regret?” I ask if he’s ashamed of his reputation. “I mean, you’re asking if I’m ashamed of living my life in a way that I had a bunch of fun. I did a ton of things I wanted and ended up writing a genre-creating, best-selling series of books. So, no.”

It’s a delicate balance: owning up to and making use of his past, while simultaneously trying to put it behind him and move on. The guy who once wrote about drunkenly running naked through an Austin Embassy Suites lobby covered in his own feces is not necessarily the guy you want to look to for life advice.

Before meeting Max, Miller says he wondered “whether this guy was just kind of an asshole or a sociopath or whether he just had this entertaining persona.” Miller was won over at a dinner in Austin with Max and several of his female friends—smart, funny, professional women—which reassured him that “clearly he’s not a misogynist if women like these liked and respected him,” Miller recalls.

When I ask Max if he considers himself a feminist, he says, “It kind of depends on what you mean by ‘feminist.’ If you define *feminist* as a person who believes that women and men should be treated equally, then of course I’m a feminist. But what I disagree with is the radical gender feminists who believe there’s no biological difference

between men and women. It’s just ridiculous. Women can have children, and men can’t. Those are biological differences, and they create different behaviors.”

On the flip side, the so-called men’s-rights advocates who may once have rallied around Max’s offensive oeuvre now bash his podcast online (one recently posted his suspicion that *Mating Grounds* is “aligned with our female enemies”). When it comes to the battle between “gender feminists” and men’s-rights trolls, Max says, “they’re both fucking awful and I hate both of them.”

IN PERSON, the new Tucker Max seems so reasonable, so affable, so generous with pours of sparkling rosé, it’s impossible not to wonder if this is all a put-on. Clearly, it’s no longer cool to be a binge-drinking, predatory dumb-ass, especially amid a wrenching national debate about sexual assault on college campuses. If he wants to remain relevant, this seems like a prudent move. So is the new Tucker Max completely full of shit?

“No,” Max says bluntly. “If my books came out now, they’d probably sell even more because they’d be even more taboo. If I wanted to keep writing and selling books about sleeping with girls and drinking and acting like an idiot, I absolutely could.”

Max insists his advance for *Mate* was smaller than those for his previous books, not that he’s especially hard up for cash. He says he is now a successful angel investor, getting in early on companies like the office messaging app Slack, data-analyzing software firm Palantir Technologies, and insta-delivery app Postmates. Max also runs his own start-up, Book in a Box, which for \$15,000 will write and publish your book, based on your rough ideas and 12 hours of phone chats. Ten months in, he says, the company has already surpassed \$1 million in sales. So maybe he was right all along: Assholes do finish first.

After he wraps up his podcast, I join Max and Veronica for a paleo-friendly 5:30 P.M. dinner of beef heart tartare and house-made andouille sausage at Salt & Time, a rustic, farm-to-table butcher shop in East Austin. Max baby-talks to Bishop, whom he calls “Mon-kay.” The family has

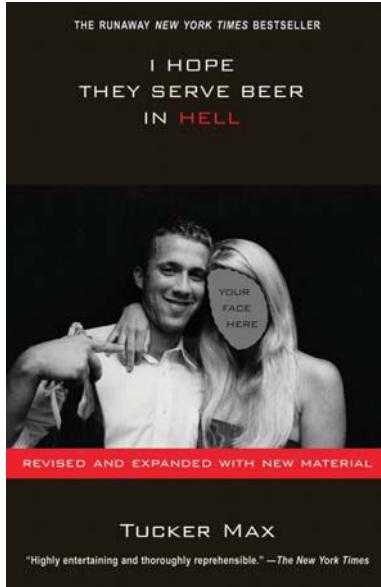
dinner at the same time as your average Boca Raton retiree because Bishop falls asleep by 7. A wild night for them now, Max says, laughing, is “like, two bottles of wine.”

This picture of domestic bliss was nearly derailed by Max’s bad-boy rep. When a mutual friend and CrossFit disciple first tried to set up the couple, Veronica made the mistake of googling him, and then refused to meet him.

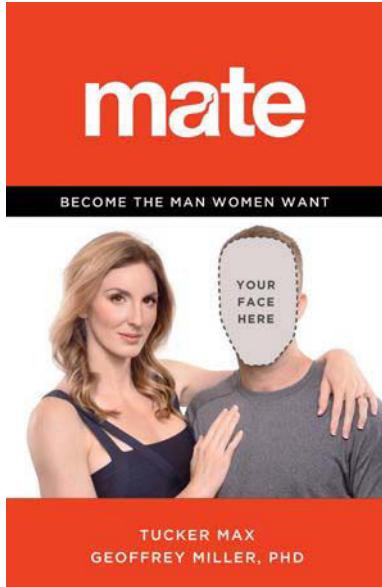
When she finally agreed six months later, figuring a self-proclaimed “asshole” might at least make for an amusing date, he peppered her with questions about her issues with her late father, and they connected, as Max says, “on a deep level.”

“He was able to see into my soul,” Veronica recalls. The Tucker Max she married in a courthouse ceremony earlier this year is “super affectionate and supportive,” she says. “The opposite of how he’s been portrayed.” Veronica still hasn’t read his books, only selected stories, which she deems “hilarious” but also a little sad. “He’s the butt of the joke in a lot of them,” she says. “I can tell he wasn’t as happy then.”

If *Mate* sells well, Max plans to write a follow-up, *Relate*, about how to win at long-term relationships. How to not only get but *keep* the girl. He stabs a forkful of beef heart, his icy blue eyes lighting up: “Because what’s more important than the relationships we have with the people we love?” ■



Max has sold more than three million books. *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell* was even made into a 2009 movie.



The cover art may look familiar, but *Mate* is a comprehensive dating manifesto rather than a “dick lit” tell-all.

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GREAT TAILORING IS A LANGUAGE that tells a lot about what's on your mind, how you feel about yourself, and your awareness of those around you. A greatly tailored suit is a way of saying that you're independent of trends, or separated from the crowd, or have your own definition of taste and distinction. In a great suit, you're claiming kinship with other great men who care deeply about how they look. You're definitely calling attention to yourself when you walk into a room. In a great suit, you are onstage. You are Fred Astaire, who really danced in his suits. You are Marcello Mastroianni in *La Dolce Vita*. You are the Duke of Windsor,

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"The cost is not relevant. Art is the issue here. Great tailoring—like jewelry, or painting, or the design of an automobile or a piece of furniture—is in the category of artistic achievement. You don't put a price on that. If you're going to buy anything, don't buy cheap, because you're actually selling yourself at a low price. Buy something worthy of you, worthy of your highest expectation, your highest standard. You don't value yourself cheaply—if you have pride. And I do. I'm 83 years old, and I grew up as the son of a tailor.

"You have to have a sense of what you look like. The other day I went to Yale University to speak on a panel with Tina Sinatra, one of the daughters of the late Frank Sinatra, because his 100th birthday is coming up. So what am I going to wear? Well, whether I'm going to Yankee Stadium or Yale or a private meeting with a Hollywood agent, I'm wearing what I think is most appropriate for the occasion. For example, you would not wear a double-breasted suit when you're sitting on a panel. The clothes gather. You want to have a three-piece, single-breasted suit, which I wore. And the jacket was open, of course.

"Artists are an endangered species. And I feel that when I'm spending money on these suits, I'm contributing to the furtherance and economic survival of these tailors. I care about them more than I do about Bengal tigers or certain antelopes in the Andes—*Oh, God, they're an endangered species, let's keep more butterflies, and more birds, and more Bengal tigers.* Well, I care about tailors."

*Interviewed by Jason Feifer.
Gay Talese is the best-selling author of 11 books, most recently, *A Writer's Life*. He owns roughly 100 suits.*

THE MODERN TRICKED-OUT SUIT

HOW TAILORS ARE REDEFINING THE CLASSIC LOOK FOR NEW NEEDS.

1. RADIATION PROTECTION

For guys nervous about cellphone radiation so close to their chest, Patrick Johnson of P. Johnson Tailors creates an internal pocket lined with argon mesh. "It stops the radiation," he says.

2. HEADPHONE HOLE

Michael Andrews of Michael Andrews Bespoke is often asked to make a hole in the lapel so clients can snake an earbud cord through the suit, but he warns: "I can't imagine this is going to be good for the jacket."

3. WATERPROOFING

Sure, go celebrate that IPO or ribbon cutting—but the resulting Champagne shower can leave you looking dumpy. That's why Toronto's Garrison Bespoke offers waterproof suits for special occasions.

4. CUSTOM LINING

Got a special fabric? Repurpose it. When Drake became an ambassador for the Toronto Raptors, Garrison Bespoke sourced a vintage Vince Carter jersey and recut it to line his jacket. Now *that's* baller.



ITALIAN LUXURY, YOUR WAY:

High-end brands are increasingly offering custom options. Here, a sampling of services.

HUGO BOSS

Made-to-measure service, offered on "a very exclusive basis" at its flagship in Manhattan, will go nationwide in 2016. The service includes suiting, shirts, and ties, customizable in dozens of fabrics.

DOLCE & GABBANA

Its "Sartoria Experience" is available in Milan, London, and New York (and starting this month, São Paulo). It features a wide made-to-measure wardrobe—from silk pajamas to suits, tuxedos, shirts, coats, and accessories.

SALVATORE FERRAGAMO

This summer, the luxury shoe brand launched a made-to-order program for its Driver shoe. Materials include crocodile, ostrich, condor calf, and suede mink, in Ferragamo's hallmark colors, such as ultramarine, antique saddle, and flame red.

GIORGIO ARMANI

Tailors are available at Armani stores worldwide. In June, the famed brand launched a new campaign to highlight its custom-made-suit service, featuring *Magic Mike XXL* actor Matt Bomer, along with actors Dan Stevens and Chen Kun.

PRADA

In 50 stores worldwide, Prada offers a VIP room where custom clothing begins. Suits are available in 300 fabrics; coats in 30 fabrics, including luxury cashmere; and shirts in 230 fabrics, including Prada's historic archive prints.

BRIONI

The venerable fashion brand's signature service—which it calls *Su Misura*, an Italian term for "custom tailoring"—has been offered for seven decades. Each season, more than 300 fabrics are available for suits, jackets, and shirts.



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THE BESPOKE SHIRT FAQS

THREE BIG QUESTIONS TO ASK AS YOU BUILD A PERSONALIZED SHIRT.

What matches my face?

There are many shirt collars—spread, cutaway, pinned, and so on—and not all will look good on you. The medium-point collar is the closest to a catchall, but still, says tailor Duncan Quinn, "the best advice is to find someone you trust as your go-to man" and let him guide you.

What kind of fabric do I choose?

Tailors agree: Keep it simple, especially on your first shirt. "Every man should have a plain white shirt," says Patrick Johnson. "You're looking for a beautiful twill. It stays whitest the longest, it doesn't crease much, and it's good in summer as well as winter."

Should there be a chest pocket?

It's a matter of taste, but most tailors will say no. You shouldn't put anything in there anyway, lest you ruin the lines of your shirt. "I think that cleaner is better," says David Tran of Garrison Bespoke, who recommends using your suit pockets instead. That's what they're for.

BESPOKE ANYTHING!

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LONG-DISTANCE TAILORING:

Can you get a made-to-fit shirt without seeing a tailor? That's what a new batch of startups promise. *Maxim* deputy editor Jason Feifer tried out two.

INDOCHINO

HOW IT WORKS

THE EXPERIENCE

THE SHIRT

It makes custom suits for \$349 to \$849, and shirts for \$79 to \$169. First step: The company mails you measuring tape. Then a series of videos on its website walks you through taking 14 measurements. If the result doesn't fit, they'll remake it, refund it, or give you \$75 for tailoring.

The video instructions are helpful, but I don't totally trust my measuring skills. My wife helps out; it takes us 20 minutes. Two days later, an Indochino employee e-mails because she suspects I screwed up my waist measurement—and she's right! I was off by 11 inches. Good catch.

"That's a very big collar," *Maxim* fashion director Wayne Gross says when I model the shirt. I'd selected "button-down collar"; they're like pizza slices. He also dislikes the neck (too loose) and body (it drapes). The fault is surely mine—I measured, after all—but this is a fashion fail.

MTAILOR

The company measures you entirely through its app. The process: Set the phone on the floor, leaning up against a wall. Step back until you're in the middle of your phone's screen, hold your arms out in a particular way, and turn around. Three weeks later, your shirt arrives.

The app tells me to strip to my underwear. I comply—MTailor promises the video isn't saved anywhere—and stand in my bedroom while the app films me and talks me through the process. From customizing my shirt to getting measured, it takes about five minutes.

"That's a much better scenario," Gross says. This collar looks right. The neck is snug; the shirt is fitted. Gross even likes MTailor's buttons and fabric better. MTailor will also refund or remake a shirt, but this one is going straight into my closet. It's the easiest thing I've ever had made.

THE BIG TELL:

HOW'S YOUR BUTTONHOLE?

Look close. If the stitching is perfectly uniform, it's machine-made. But if it has more character and uneven stitches, especially on the interior of the cuff, it's hand sewn—a process that can take up to 30 minutes. Both are perfectly fine, but here's the key: If a tailor invested time in that buttonhole, it's much more likely he also handcrafted the chest, collar, and shoulder, which is crucial to a great-fitting, long-lasting garment.

GLOVES

At **Hestra** in Stockholm, the fabric is cut to your hand's exact proportions and available in everything from elk leather to reindeer suede. Anticipate a break-in period. They'll be very tight at the beginning and stretch to fit like a... well, you know.



SNEAKERS

From 2008 to 2013, Nike made a customizable shoe called **Air Force 1 Bespoke**. The service returned this June, though Nike will say only that it's available to "certain individuals"—and is mum on when, or if, it'll once again be open to all.



MTM SPECIAL OPS

A black and white advertisement for the MTM Special Ops Black Predator watch. The watch is shown in the foreground, featuring a large, rugged case with a textured dial and multiple sub-dials. In the background, two soldiers in full combat gear are shown in a dark, high-contrast environment, one wearing sunglasses and the other wearing a gas mask. The overall theme is tactical and military.

BLACK PREDATOR |

SPECIALOPSWATCH.COM

THE MTM SPECIAL OPS LINE OF TACTICAL TIME PIECES IS EXCLUSIVELY AVAILABLE THROUGH MTM TOLL FREE AT 1 800 284 9487 OUTSIDE OF USA 1 213 741 0808 1225 SOUTH GRAND AVE. LOS ANGELES, CA. 90015



THE MASTER TAILOR

BROOKLYN'S **MARTIN GREENFIELD** IS 87 AND HAS DRESSED EVERYONE FROM PRESIDENTS TO A-LIST STARS. HE'S STILL AT IT.

Why did you go into the custom business?

I came here as a [Holocaust] survivor in 1947 and bought my factory in 1977. I wanted to make only custom clothing in the beginning, but it was tough times, so I started doing private label for Neiman's, Saks, Brooks Brothers,

and a few other people.

We no longer do that. Now we do handmade clothing with the Martin Greenfield name, and we do it direct to the public, so they get the best value. My old boss said, "Quality, with intrinsic value, is the most important thing." And that's why we're still in business.

What's the most important thing in custom clothes?

A system of measuring. Mine was developed here, by me. When we measure somebody, they look at themselves in the mirror and say, "Oh, my God, the suit is talking for me."

But it's not just about fit, right?

When we measure a person, we also like to know about him—what he does, what he's going to wear the suit for. Is he a lawyer? Is he this, is he that? Is he cold, is he hot? Because we have fabric that's lightweight, or heavier weight, and we are able to accommodate his needs. You have to make sure that it's the right fabric, especially on the first suit. Because they judge you on the first suit.

What do you say to men who think, *I don't care—I'll just get whatever suit my wife likes?*

When an Italian designer—I don't want to mention names—started to design suits, because he was a women's designer, women thought that name was God. So their husbands bought his suits. If I walked behind them, I could put a loaf of bread down each shoulder. It was that big. The wives liked it. But those suits did not fit.

You've dressed everyone—presidents, athletes, actors, famous gangsters. As a tailor, do you get to know these guys well?

Some. Paul Newman we dressed until he was 70 years old. He was a very close friend of mine. We always made the suits for his movies. And then when he initially decided to stop working, he said he would burn all the suits.

Burn the suits?

He didn't want to have to get dressed up anymore once he thought he was retiring. I said, "Don't burn the suits." Because he went back to work, and we had to make him new suits.

GREAT MEN, GREAT FITS:

Greenfield's son and protégé, Jay, on what it took to make different guys look sharp.



SLIM GUY

PRESIDENT OBAMA

"He's got a great figure for clothes—you know, a little bigger shoulder,

a little smaller waist. When we first fit him, he was very classic and conservative. Now we're making a more fitted silhouette of the jacket, as well as flat-front, trimmer pants. He's progressed, but not in an extreme way."



TALL GUY

PATRICK EWING

"We've got him in three-piece, totally tailored suits now. It's always tough on somebody so tall, because the proportion changes. On a seven-foot person, you have to spread the buttons so much that it really needs to be a four-button suit to look like a three-button suit would look on another person."



MUSCULAR GUY

VICTOR CRUZ

"We made him a tuxedo. We wanted it slim, but he's so built in the arms, he could just flex and rip it right off. We had to be conscious that it wasn't tight. It's going to look slim enough if it's in the right proportion."

Informer reporting by
JONATHAN EVANS

BRACELETS

They're among the more affordable ways to customize your style—running less than \$100 to start, at **Miansai** online. Mix and match hardware with leather or rope in 50-plus colors for a piece of jewelry that's yours alone.



HATS

A bespoke lid requires little extra labor, and therefore little extra cost. At **Worth & Worth** in NYC, you can craft, say, a hunter-green rabbit-fur felt fedora with a three-inch brim.



ROBES

At the **London Robe Company** in Dubai, they make leisurewear even better than Hef's at his peak. Fit plays second fiddle to fabric, with opulent options like satin, velvet, and hand-loomed silk.



JEANS

The perfect fit will run you \$750 to \$950 at the only **Levi's** store to do custom jeans—in Manhattan's Meatpacking District—where raw denim is the preferred look.



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~~or~~ GO HOME



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Cover: Coat, \$2,195, and pants, \$575, Calvin Klein Collection; calvinklein.com/collection.

p.22: From left: Bec Parsons; Ike Edeani.

p.24: Robbie Firmano.

p.26: Clockwise from top: Uwe Ommer 1984 The Bahamas © The Pirelli Calendar; Kamil Bialous, Thomas Goldblum; Karen Collins; Christaan Felber.

p.30: Kevin Tachman/Trunk Archive.

p.38: KayWaal and A. Ferzan for Superette.

p.42: Coat \$2,395, and suit, \$1,795, Bally; 844-442-2559. Sweater, \$750, Calvin Klein Collection; Calvin Klein Collection, 645 Madison Ave., NYC, or calvinklein.com/collection. Shoes, \$865, Marc Jacobs; marcjacobs.com.

p.44: Jacket, \$3,500, shirt, \$600, and tie, \$210, Dior Homme; Dior Homme stores.

pp.46-47: 2006, Wenn; 2003, Reuters/Gary Hershorn/Corbis; 1998, Walter Iooss Jr./Sports Illustrated/Getty Images; 1995, Warner Bros./PhotoFest; 1993, Patrick Murphy-Racey/Sports Illustrated/Getty Images; 1990, Ken Levine/Getty Images; 1988, courtesy of Nike; 1985, Steve Lopofsky/Corbis; sneakers, courtesy of Jordan Brand.

p.52: Space Jacket, \$295, Betabrand; betabrand.com.

p.54: Courtesy of Betabrand. Flashback Photobomber Hoodie, \$228, Betabrand; betabrand.com.

p.62: Skateboard, courtesy of New Museum; bike, courtesy of mrporter.com; scooter, courtesy of Vespa.

p.65: Maserati SpA (2).

p.66: Model, Victor Boyko/ Getty Images; seat, Maserati SpA.

p.70: Hans Feurer 1974 The Seychelles © The Pirelli Calendar.

p.72: Clockwise from top left: Herb Ritts 1994 Paradise Island, The Bahamas © The Pirelli Calendar; Hans Feurer 1974 The Seychelles © The Pirelli Calendar; Francis Giacobetti 1970 Paradise Island, The Bahamas © The Pirelli Calendar.

p.74: Video game, courtesy of

Madden; *The League*, Ray Mickshaw/FXX; 21 Jump Street, Stephen J. Cannell Productions/ Everett Collection; Cry-Baby, Imagine/Universal/The Kobal Collection; *Donnie Brasco*, TriStar/Everett Collection; What's Eating Gilbert Grape, AF Archive/ Alamy; *Blow*, AF Archive/Alamy.

p.76: All models, Catwalking/Getty Images; Hedi Slimane, Handout/Y.R. via Getty Images; *Black Mass*, James Haynes/Splash News/Corbis; *Sleepy Hollow*, Everett Collection; *Chocolate!*, AF Archive/Alamy; *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, Neal Peters Collection; *Mortdecai*, Atlapix/Alamy; *Sweeney Todd*, AF Archive/Alamy.

p.78: Girl, Brydie Mack; book cover, courtesy of FSG; Ho99o9, Paul A. Hebert/Press Line Photos (2); *Dark Shadows*, AF Archive/Alamy; *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, Warner Brothers/Everett Collection; *Edward Scissorhands*, Ronald Grant Archive/Alamy; *Pirates of the Caribbean*, Neal Peters Collection; *Alice in Wonderland*, © Photos 12/Alamy.

p.80: Cliff Bell's, Andrew Potter; Varvatos, Mary Ellen Matthews; Vevers, courtesy of Coach; items, courtesy of manufacturer; *Moonbeam City*, courtesy of Comedy Central.

pp.82-83: J. Ryan Roberts.

p.85: Coat, \$425, suit, \$400, sweater, \$65, shirt, \$40, tie, \$20, and bag, \$100, Topman; topman.com. Watch, \$120, Timex; timex.com. Socks, \$12.50, Vince Camuto; vincecamuto.com. Shoes, \$150, Aldo; aldoshoes.com.

p.86: Coat, \$300, suit, \$450, shirt, \$80, belt, \$40, and tie, \$55, Nautica; nautica.com. Tie bar, \$15, the Tie Bar; thetiebar.com. Watch, \$2,200, Oris; oris.ch.

p.87: Suit, \$426, sweater, \$50, shirt, \$60, and tie, \$50, Express; express.com. Pocket square, \$10, the Tie Bar; thetiebar.com. Bag, \$1,250, Bally; 844-442-2559.

p.88: Suit, sweater, shirt, tie, beanie, and bag, prices available upon request, Perry Ellis; perryellis.com. Watch, \$170, Swatch; swatch.ca.

p.90: Coat, \$625, suit, \$650, shirt, \$75, tie, \$80, and scarf, \$55, J.Crew; jcrew.com. Watch, \$64, Timex; timex.com.

p.92: Suit, \$695, sweater, \$95, shirt, \$85, tie, \$70, sunglasses, \$70, and bag, \$398, Vince Camuto; vincecamuto.com. Watch, \$2,200, Oris; oris.ch.

p.94: Backpack, \$2,200, Gucci; select Gucci stores nationwide and gucci.com.

p.95: Briefcase, \$495, Coach; Coach Men's stores nationwide and coach.com.

p.96: Tote, \$1,995, Dolce & Gabbana; select Dolce & Gabbana boutiques.

p.97: Gym bag, \$10,000, Bottega Veneta; 800-845-6790.

p.98: Suitcase, \$3,995, Bally; 844-442-2559.

p.99: Portfolio, \$1,205, Prada; select Prada boutiques and prada.com.

p.100: Suit, \$2,860, and shirt, \$600, Prada; Prada Boutiques or prada.com. Sweater, \$331, Dolce & Gabbana; matchesfashion.com. Shoes, \$895, Jimmy Choo; select Jimmy Choo stores. Socks, \$10, Topman; topman.com.

p.101: Jacket, \$1,695, and pants, price upon request, Burberry London; burberry.com.

p.102: Coat, \$505, Superdry; superdry.com. Sweater, \$895, Calvin Klein; mrporter.com. Pants, price upon request, Giorgio Armani; Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide.

p.103: Coat, \$945, sweater, \$185, and pants, \$165, Boss; hugoboss.com.

p.105: Suit, \$4,075, Giorgio Armani; Giorgio Armani boutiques nationwide. Sweater, \$630, Gucci; mrporter.com.

p.106: Coat, \$3,950, Bottega Veneta; 800-845-6790. Sweater, \$1,150, Burberry Prorsum; burberry.com. Pants, \$880, Gucci; select Gucci stores nationwide. Shoes, \$1,600, Salvatore Ferragamo; Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide.

p.107: Coat, \$1,425, Emporio Armani; Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide.

p.108: Jacket, \$1,595, shirt, \$498, and pants, \$525, John Varvatos; johnvarvatos.com.

p.109: Jacket, \$9,025, Brioni; Brioni boutiques. Sweater, \$980, Marc Jacobs; marcjacobs.com.

p.110: Coat, \$4,240, shirt, \$610, and pants, \$710, Prada; select Prada boutiques.

p.111: Coat, \$1,195, Boss; hugoboss.com. Sweater, price upon request, Versace; select Versace boutiques. Pants, \$470, Carven; Bloomingdale's.

p.112: Coat, \$4,000, Salvatore Ferragamo; Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide.

p.113: Coat and pants, price upon request, Versace; select Versace boutiques.

p.114: Coat, \$795, Lacoste; lacoste.com. Sweater, \$198, Marc by Marc Jacobs;

Marc by Marc Jacobs Men's, 382 Bleeker St., NYC.

p.115: Coat, price upon request, sweater, \$600, and pants, \$750, Fendi; fendi.com.

p.134: From left: Courtesy of Citadel/Kensington; courtesy of Little, Brown and Company.

p.138: Dan Forbes/Trunk Archive.

p.140: Clockwise from top left: TI Group Communications; courtesy of Nike; courtesy of Hestra; courtesy of Scenterprises.

p.142: Clockwise from top left: Ike Edeani; Pablo Martinez/AP; Kent Smith/Getty Images; Gilbert Carrasquillo/Getty Images; courtesy of Levi's; courtesy of London Robe Company; courtesy of Worth & Worth; courtesy of Miansai.

Correction: In Adam Linehan's feature "The American" (August 2015, p. 84), we attributed the widespread notion that before being kidnapped in Libya, Matthew VanDyke had been working as a journalist—and not a combatant—to his mother. The assertion was based on a published report that was later refuted. After publication, VanDyke's girlfriend took responsibility for the misperception about his activities. Maxim regrets the error.

MAXIM

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Maxim and Breathe partnered to celebrate the launch of the all-new Breathe eCigs, an innovative new vaping experience.

Maxim took over PH-D Lounge at the Dream Downtown for an exclusive launch event. A notable guest list of VIPs enjoyed musical performances curated by Series and featured DJ Alizay and the legendary Q-Tip. Hornitos Tequila provided guests with delicious Spiced Honey cocktails and VIP bottle service featuring Hornitos' award winning Black Barrel Tequila. Maxim models distributed samples of the new Breathe products, introducing consumers to the brand who celebrated in style all night long.

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ASK 100 WOMEN:

THERE IS NOTHING
SEXIER THAN A
GUY WHO WEARS...

Every month, we'll ask 100 women a question and run their raw, unedited answers here. Ladies, visit maxim.com/ask100 to join in.

1. A bow tie
2. A white T-shirt that fits his biceps nicely; jeans, and boots
3. A tailored suit
4. A black V-neck sweater
5. Well-fitting jeans—no saggy butt!—with a shirt and blazer
6. Classic tortoiseshell glasses
7. A well-tailored blazer
8. Mesh gym shorts and old-school New Balance sneakers
9. Glasses
10. A well-tailored suit in modern colors
11. A dress shirt with sleeves rolled up to his forearms
12. No flip-flops or tank tops, dear God, please
13. A white V-neck T-shirt
14. A suit that actually fits, with a tie
15. A shirt that is fit to the body; it's so much better than those that go down to his thighs
16. A white dress shirt with black pants and a tie
17. Sweatpants with some Nike kicks
18. A well-tailored, European-cut three-piece suit
19. A white T-shirt and a great jacket
20. A good snapback hat on a hot day. But he has to wear the hat. Hat can't wear him—know what I'm sayin'?
21. Cool sunglasses, like black Ray-Ban Wayfarers
22. A dress shirt with the sleeves rolled up, and jeans rolled up a bit to show off his dress boots
23. A pink dress shirt
24. Nice jeans and fitted shirt
25. Pants that fit him. Shirt that fits him. It's not hard!
26. A slim-fit shirt, sleeves rolled halfway up, with pressed slacks
27. The older I get, the less I find I care about what a man is wearing so long as he has some non-douchey point of view that is expressed through his clothes
28. Shoes that my dad would not wear
29. Adult clothing—not graphic tees
30. A dress shirt and tie that coordinate
31. A great, vintage-style hat
32. Khakis and a long-sleeve button-down shirt, with belt showing
33. A suit
34. Dark skinny jeans, a white T-shirt, and dark leather loafers
35. A navy tailored suit with a crisp white shirt and his tie loosened
36. A simple, low-cut V-neck shirt and some nice blue jeans
37. Black boxer briefs
38. Black tailored suit with a black skinny tie
39. Jeans and a plain white tee
40. Tight jeans and cowboy boots
41. A suit, especially if it's on a guy who rarely wears one so that it's even sexier the limited times he does
42. A dress shirt, no tie, sleeves rolled up, and a nice pair of dark jeans
43. A well-groomed beard
44. A bushy beard
45. A total hipster beard
46. White T-shirt and jeans
47. Stylish eyeglasses or sunglasses. Glasses can express individual style faster and easier than any piece of clothing
48. Shower-fresh hair
49. A kilt. Regimental, of course!
50. A well-tailored suit and tie
51. A white dress shirt, with sleeves rolled up halfway
52. Dress shirt and pants
53. Something fitted that shows off a *tiny* amount of chest hair
54. A tight-fitting V-neck
55. A dress shirt with the collar open and turned up
56. Age-appropriate clothes. I'm looking at you, fortysomething guy
57. A nicely groomed beard and mustache
58. Flannel
59. A well-styled Mohawk
60. A soft, buttery-leather jacket
61. Levi's and a snug-fit T-shirt
62. A shirt that fits—but if the buttons pull, rather than lie flat, it's too tight and not sexy
63. A black suit
64. A fitted business suit
65. A suit
66. Raw denim
67. Good manners
68. Jeans and a nice belt
69. A tucked-in shirt, buttoned down only slightly
70. A button-up with the collar undone and sleeves rolled up
71. A good-fitting pair of jeans
72. A plaid button-down and thick glasses so it's clear he's not trying too hard but still looks put together
73. A tailored suit
74. Whatever I bought him
75. Tight-fitting jeans with a soft cotton V-neck T-shirt and yummy cologne
76. A nice, faint cologne
77. Something tight that shows off his ass
78. A black slim-fit shirt and narrow leather jeans
79. Punk rock T-shirts
80. Nothing
81. Suspenders
82. A T-shirt, damped by his sweat
83. Sleeves rolled up to his forearms
84. White shirt and jeans
85. Tank top
86. A perfectly tailored navy suit
87. A suit with a tie
88. A slightly fitted, long-sleeve gray henley and dark-wash jeans
89. White T-shirt and khaki shorts
90. A crisp suit without a tie, and a shirt button or two open
91. A tuxedo
92. Summer sneakers or loafers (no socks!)
93. Baseball cap on the weekends—a classic look that's attractive on any guy
94. Wing tips with jeans
95. Boxer briefs, and nothing else
96. A velvet blazer
97. Cool sneakers
98. A really nice watch
99. A man bun
100. Anything, so long as he totally owns it

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